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THE  
LIVES  
AND  
AMOURS  
OF  
QUEENS  
AND  
*ROYAL MISTRESSES.*

Extracted from the HISTORIES of  
*England, France, Turky, and Spain.*

WITH  
Some Intrigues of POPES.

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— *Amor omnibus idem.*

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LONDON,  
Printed in the Year MDCCXXVI.



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1962

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P R E.



# P R E F A C E



*T* Sight of a Preface, the Reader may perhaps imagine that I am going to enter upon a Defence of what Objections may be raised to the following Sheets. But as I am as ready to own my Incapacity, as he may be to find Fault with the Performance, I presume it would be entirely needless. If it luckily deceives my Expectation, and prove (what I would only have it) instructive and diverting, I have gained my Aim: If, on the contrary, it meets with the Fate of a great many better, and be disliked, I am sure that every Thing I could alledge in its Favour wou'd not be able to prevent its Sentence.

*The*

## vi P R E F A C E.

The five following Histories are fill'd with Events, which being all grounded on Truth, have nothing of the Mirabile, or Wonderful, so frequently met with in Romances. The Facts herein set down are all indisputably true, and founded on authentick Testimonies. Those who are versed in Antiquity cannot but know that John, King of England, was violent, cruel and unjust ; Chilperic, unnatural, and therefore call'd by Gregory de Tours, The Nero of his Time ; Soliman, Emperor of the Turks, brave, but forward and cruel, and Don Pedro, King of Spain, beyond Expression barbarous : Neither can they be ignorant, that Isabella, the Count of Angoulesme's Daughter, afterwards Queen of England, was a perfect Pattern of Patience, conjugal Duty, and Virtue ; Fredegund, haughty, and like her Husband, cruel ; Roxelana an ambitious and detestable Stepmother ; Maria de Padilla, a malicious Coquette, and Marozia a Prodigy of Infamy that no Age can ever parallel. The History of Marozia, I know, ought to have preceded the others ; but as there is no Connection



tion in the several following Adventures, I did not think an exact Observation of Time so absolutely necessary.

Thus far have I given a succinct Account of those several Persons that compose the subsequent Histories; wherein is contained an Inventory of such Crimes, as I believe could scarce before have been credited.

Precepts may indeed faintly deter the Mind from Vice, but nothing can have so great a Prevalence over it as Example, and especially those of such, whose Misfortunes or Happiness are not the Labour of fictitious Imagination only, but genuine and undeni-  
able. 'Tis with this View I have endeavoured to draw the following Characters in their true Colours, the more effectually to enforce a laudable Emulation of some, and just Abhorrence of others, and have been equally careful thro' the whole to avoid any immodest Expression or indecent Inuendo. As Love, when influenced by Virtue, and guided by Reason, is the very Basis of human Society, and the Source of all Earthly Happiness, the Reader may observe that I have also intended to recommend that Puri-

ty

ty of Sentiments, which glides thro' the whole Piece, and that the rather, as a continual Repetition of such Enormities, as are herein mentioned, unmix'd with Gallantry, would have filled his Imagination with too shocking and horrid Ideas. I own the Lovers do not every where prove happy; but had I alter'd their Catastrophe, I had deviated from Truth, which was not my Design. However, tho' their Misfortunes are great, their Examples are glorious; and Virtue, tho' oppressed and tyranniz'd on Earth, will certainly meet with its due Reward in Heaven.

I now take Leave of my Reader, returning my most hearty Thanks to those several worthy Persons of both Sexes that have so generously encouraged the Performance, and wishing them as much Pleasure in the Perusal of it, as I had Trouble in the Compiling.



ISA-



# I S A B E L,

## Queen of *England* under King J O H N.



HE N Love strongly unites two virtuous Hearts, Fortune generally takes Pleasure in molesting their mutual Happiness. Passions, that have Reason and Virtue for their Guide, seem to deserve her Smiles, but alas, are the most often expos'd to her Severity ! History furnishes us with a thousand Instances of this Kind ; there we meet with Princes, who alledging the indisputable Pretensions of a Sovereign Authority, tyrannically incroach upon a Subject's Prerogative in the Possession of some Fair One's Heart ; and 'tis a general and true Observation, that Men, of what Rank soever, no sooner abandon themselves to Vice, but their first, and chief

2      *The Lives and Amours of*

chief Study, is to satisfy their unruly Appetites, and they acknowledge no other Laws but those of their own boundless Will.

The unhappy Change in the Fortune of *Hugh Earl of March*, is a convincing Proof of that Maxim. This young Prince was the greatest Ornament of the Court of *France*. His Person was extremely graceful, his Behaviour and Conduct agreeable to the Dignity of his Birth, and if his Inclination had a natural Tendency to Love, it was, however, in such a Manner, as not to offend the nicest Virtue. Scarce was he arrived to Years of Discretion, but his tender Heart paid Homage to the Charms of *Isabel*, (Daughter to *Aymar Count of Angoulesme*, and *Alix of Courtenay*) who was then look'd upon as the greatest Beauty of her Age. The Number of her Adorers daily increas'd with her prodigious Charms, but *Hugh* alone had the Happiness of pleasing. The Princess endeavour'd, for a considerable Time, to combat her Inclinations, but Love at Length prov'd Conqueror, and wou'd not suffer her longer to refuse the Prince a Heart, which his Merit and other good Qualities render'd him alone worthy of.

The Earl's Family, who perceiv'd this growing Passion, far from opposing its Progress, mention'd it to the Count; who being sensible of this Earl's Merit, and the Advantages that wou'd accrue to him from this Match,



Match, received the Proposals with the greatest Pleasure. The fair *Isabel* easily consented to a Thing so agreeable to her Wishes, the King of *France* gave his Royal Approbation, and their respective Friends, unwilling to delay their Happiness, soon pass'd the necessary Contracts, and fix'd a Day for the Solemnization of the Nuptials.

Among her undistinguish'd Lovers, was \* *John King of England*, surnam'd *Sans Terre*, Son to *Henry the II<sup>d</sup>*, and Brother to the late King *Richard*, who after having unjustly usurp'd the Crown from his Nephew *Arthur Duke of Britaign*, came to *France*, where he saw and fell in Love with *Isabel*, notwithstanding his late Marriage with † *Avise*, the Duke of *Gloucester's* Daughter.

The Time appointed for the Nuptials drawing near, several Foreign Princes were invited to the Ceremony, among whom was the King of *England*. *John*, who had hitherto concealed his Passion through Policy, could not see himself on the Point of losing his belov'd *Isabel*, without feeling all the Horrors of Despair and Jealousy. His Rage immediately suggested to him a thousand fatal Resolutions, which at length ended in that of making himself Master of the Princess at any Rate whatsoever.

\* *Du Chesne Hist. Ang.* † *Salmon's Chron. H.B.*

4      *The Lives and Amours of*

\* Historians agree that *John* was naturally faithless, violent, and cruel; in Adversity dejected, in Prosperity insolent. Rais'd, from the most distant Hopes, to the Possession of a Crown, which of Right belong'd to his Nephew *Arthur*, he thought the Regal Dignity a sufficient Fence against divine or human Vengeance. Though he naturally lov'd Ease, yet he did not want for Courage; but it was such, as rather deserv'd the Name of Fierceness and Brutality. In short his chief Delight was to commit Acts of Barbarity, or unjustly deprive others of their most lawful Rights.

With these Dispositions, and a firm Resolution of satisfying his unjust Desires, he repair'd to *Paris*, where Preparations were making for the intended Ceremony. In the mean time, the Earl of *March*, impatient for his Happiness, devoted all his Hours to his beautiful *Isabel*, while *John*, to whom she every Day appear'd more charming, strengthen'd himself in his impious Resolution.

† Having taken all proper Measures for the Execution and Success of his Design, at dead of Night he order'd his Attendants to break into the Count of *Angoulesme's* House, where meeting with small Opposition from a Family that did not dream of so barefac'd an Attempt, they brought away the Princefs

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\* Ech. rd Trivet. M. Paris. † Du Chesne M. Belleforrest.

and

and her Maid, her Surprise and Grief at so unexpected an Adventure can better be imagin'd than express'd. In vain she call'd on Heaven, her Father, and her Lover; in vain she strove, with Prayers and Promises, to move her Ravishers; the inexorable Villains only laugh'd at her Grief, and hurtied her away with the greater Swiftness.

But her Despair increased, when after having travell'd all that Night and Part of the next Day, she at length saw herself on the Sea Shore, and perceiv'd the King of *England* giving Orders for their speedy Departure.  
‘ What do I see, cry’d the afflicted Princess,  
‘ Are you, Sir, the guilty Ravisher of *Isabel*?  
‘ Alas! what had I done to merit this  
‘ Barbarity, and what, Oh! what cou’d induce you to offend the Majesty of a Prince,  
‘ who will not tamely bear so flagrant an  
‘ Injustice? Go, Sir, enjoy the Fruit of your  
‘ Usurpations at Home, and do not tempt  
‘ the Almighty’s Justice, by so impious a  
‘ Violation of his most sacred Laws.’ Here the Violence of her Greif threw her into a Swoon, from which she did not recover till after the Ship reach’d the *English* Shore.

But while *Isabel* was landing with her Ravishers, her Absence, and the Cause of it, had spread an universal Consternation at the Court of *France*. Her Parents, touch’d in so nice a Point, gave loose to an unbounded Grief: But nothing ever equall’d the Earl’s

**Distraction:** Deprived of the dearest Object of his Wishes, and when he thought his Happiness beyond the Reach of Fate; Words are too weak to express the Pangs and agonizing Tortures of his Soul. In short, after a thousand fruitless Curses on the Author of his fatal Disappointment, and horrid Vows of the most dire Revenge, he threw himself, with his Friends, at King *Philip's* Feet, and implor'd Justice against the insolent Ravisher of his betroth'd *Isabel*, and alledging, \* ' That ' he was unworthy to be a King, who had ' thus injur'd him, and was ready to do the ' like by any of his Majesty's Subjects.

*Philip*, whose Majesty and Glory were particularly concern'd in this open Violation of the sacred Laws of Empire, faithfully promised them all imaginable Assistance for the Redress of so flagrant an Enormity, and there were few Persons of Distinction but what interested themselves in so just a Cause.

The first Step King *Philip* took to put his Designs in Execution, was to send for Prince *Arthur*, who was then at his Court, whose Homage he receiv'd, after having first knighted him, for *Britaign*, *Normandy*, *Anjou*, *Poitou*, *Tourain*, and *Maine*: After which, he gave him the Command of a numerous Army, with Orders to march directly towards *Poitou*. The Prince, in his Expedition, was follow'd by the

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\* Echard.

Earl of *March* and his Friends; and understanding that the old Queen *Eleanor*, his Uncle *John's* Mother, was in *Mirabel*, † he immediately invested the Place, which being but a weak Garrison, very soon surrendred, and the Dowager Queen of *England* retir'd in the Castle, where she resolved to defend herself till her Son *John* came to her Relief.

While these Things were transacting abroad, *John* was at *London*, with the Princess *Isabel*, whose Beauty, notwithstanding her continual Grief, was universally admir'd. The King, who with Uneasiness perceiv'd her Sorrow, omitted nothing which he thought capable of diverting it: He order'd her an Apartment in one of his most magnificent Palaces, and by a forc'd Complacency, and an affected Submission, endeavour'd to remove the Cause of her profound Melancholy. His next Care was to be publickly divorc'd from his Wife\* *Avise*, who, pleas'd to think she should no longer live under the Subjection of a Man that never lov'd her, and whom she mortally hated, very willingly resign'd her Title to the Crown.

† *Geoffry*, Archbishop of *York*, looking on this unjust Divorce, as contrary to Religion and Christianity, thought it a Duty incumbent on his Function to dissuade his Master

† *Matt. Paris*, *Echard*, *Pol. Virg.*  
‡ *Du Chesne*.

\* *Sal. Chron. H.B.*

from so illegal a Design. But all his Remonstrances had no Effect on the obstinate King. *John* pretended, that his Consanguinity with *Avise* troubled his Conscience, and that before God and Man he could not longer cohabit with a Woman, whom he knew to be so nearly related to him. The good Archbishop easily eluded these weak Pretences; but *John*, who only sought a blind Obedience to his Will, sternly order'd the Prelate to retire, and obstinately pursu'd his impious Resolution.

No sooner had he brought it to pass; but he openly persecuted the Princess of *Angouleme*. I vain she represented to him her indissoluble Engagement with the Earl of *March*, the impending Vengeance of an offended King, and the Crime he would commit before God, by forcing another's Wife by Contract, to his Bed. Her Beauty, which was heighten'd by Grief, did but the more inflame the King, who having now laid aside all his former Deference and Respect, only listened to the impious Dictates of his brutal Appetite.

*Isabel*, who perceiv'd the gathering Storm, knew not what Course to take in so perplexing a Dilemma. The Earl of *March* was a thousand times dearer to her than her Life, and she saw herself under the curs'd Necessity of violating her Faith to him, or complying with the King's odious Passion,

of

of becoming a Monarchy's lawful Wife, and thereby losing all Hopes of her dear Eatl, or of being forc'd to Infamy and Shame, a Thought more shocking to her than Death itself. The good Archbishop of York, endeavour'd to assuage her Grief, by representing to her, that seeing she was no longer Mistress of her Will, the Earl of March cou'd not in Justice tax her with Inconstancy, and that all the World, far from blaming, would pity her. While he was yet speaking, the King surlily enter'd the Room. His Grace immediately retir'd ; and John, addressing himself to the Princess, ' Well, Madam, said ' he, how much longer must I wait your ' Pleasure, or are you willing to exhaust my ' Patience ? Did you but know the Violence ' I have done myself, the Pangs I've suffer'd ' in this long Delay, cold as it is, your ' Heart perhaps would pity me. But since I ' find you laugh at my Submission, since my ' Respect and Deference to your Wishes do ' but increase your Hate, my Power and ' Authority shall do me Justice ; To-day is ' your's, To-morrow shall be mine ; and the ' next Sun shall shine upon our Nuptials, or ' your Shame.

This unexpected Menace, and the Air with which it was spoke, had its desired Effect : The Princess, shock'd at the Thought of her approaching Misery, fell in the Arms of her Attendants, without Sense or Motion.

A

A Sight of this Nature must of course have mov'd a Heart sincerely touchd with Love; but *John*, who only lusted for Enjoyment, saw it without the least Emotion. However, her Women soon brought her to herself; when raising her dying Eyes on the curs'd Author of her Misery; ‘ Monster, she cry'd, your Cluelty at length has found a Way to reach me; but sure your conscious Soul should dread the Hand that gives itself with Horror. You know how much I love the Earl of *March*, and Heaven's my Witness, that I ever shall, torture me, tear me, hew me into Pieces, nay, what is worse, drag me to the guilty Altar, and there force me to a Confession which my Heart will disavow with Horror, still I shall look on him as my only lawful Husband; and the same Breath that gives me to thy Arms, shall pray for him, and turn for thee to Curses.’ Here her Rage gave way to a Shower of Tears, and throwing herself at the Tyrant's Feet, ‘ Oh, Sir, continu'd the Princess, for Heaven's Sake, spare me the curs'd Necessity of hating you for ever; but, by a glorious Conquest o'er your Passions, be truly great, and teach me to admire your Virtue.—Madam, reply'd the obsequious King? ‘ ’tis unjust to tax me with a Crime, which you alone are Cause of; were you less charming, your Prayers and Threats might be of greater Force; but you have fired

‘ fired my Soul to that Degree, I cannot live  
‘ without you ; no, were you arm’d with  
‘ Thunder, or Infection, clasp’d in those  
‘ Arms, I’d meet my Doom with Pleasure.  
‘ To raise you to my Bed and Throne, I  
‘ have divorced *Avise*, and all my Recom-  
‘ pence is Hatred and Disdain ; but since  
‘ you prove inflexible to all, I’ll force the  
‘ Blessing which your Scorn denies me.  
‘ Once more I repeat it, To-Day is yours,  
‘ To-morrow shall be mine ; and the next  
‘ Sun shall view you Queen of *England*, or  
‘ see you plung’d in everlasting Ignominy.’—

*John* would not wait for a Reply, but leaving  
the Princess to her own Reflection, abruptly  
left the Room. He was no sooner gone, but  
she gave a Loose to her Distraction : ‘ Alas !  
said she, addressing herself to *Diana*, the At-  
tendant that had been brought with her from  
*France*, ‘ What will become of the unfortu-  
‘ nate *Isabel* ? Must I betray my Vows to  
‘ my dear Earl, and give my self to a Ty-  
‘ rant I detest ? To-morrow, *Diana*, the  
‘ furious King must call thy Mistress *Wife*,  
‘ or load her with eternall Infamy. Oh !  
‘ why has Heav’n impos’d the cruel Law of  
‘ Life when grown a Burthen ?—— Here  
*Diana* interrupted the Princess, telling her,  
that her Virtue ought to be superior to her  
Misfortunes ; and conjuring her to summon  
all her Courage to her Aid in this fatal  
Occasion. She advis’d her to employ the  
few

few remaining Hours of her Virgin State, in endeavouring to justify herself to the Earl, who might perhaps, upon the first News of her Marriage, give way to unjust Suspicions of her Constancy. The Princess very readily came into *Diana's* Opinion, and wrote to the Earl in the following Manner.

*Isabel of Angoulesme to the Earl of March.*

My Lord,

‘ T IS not to move you to Pity, that I  
‘ hereby inform you of my unhappy  
‘ Condition. Notwithstanding the fatal Ne-  
‘ cessity I am under of marrying the King  
‘ of *England*, my invincible Aversion to  
‘ the Tyrant, and all my Endeavours to  
‘ elude his curs'd Designs upon my Freedom,  
‘ I cannot but think myself criminal; but  
‘ should I fail in what I owe myself and you,  
‘ it would perhaps revenge you more, than  
‘ your Generosity would permit you to wish.  
‘ Had the Tyrant only threaten'd me with  
‘ common Torments, I had submitted with  
‘ Intrepidity, and perhaps suffer'd them  
‘ without Weakness; but Oh! he pitch'd on  
‘ one, which would not only have depriv'd  
‘ me of your Love, but even render'd me  
‘ unworthy your Esteem. Think not, *my*  
‘ *Lord*, the Tyrant's Regal Diadem conceals  
‘ his Crimes from *Isabel*, or that the Crown  
‘ of *Eng'land* has any Charms for me: No,  
‘ I've

' I've a Soul that scorns to purchase Grandeur at the Price of Sin ; and Royalty with Guilt is more contemptible by far in my Eyes, than the most abject State with Innocence. Do not therefore blame me, *my Lord*, and in your just Resentments pity my Distress ; I cannot long survive the Weight of my Misfortunes. When I am dead, Oh spare my Memory, and be assur'd, that whatever Fortune ordains for me, nothing shall ever deprive you of a Heart that was inviolably yours, as you alone deserved it.

The Princess having ended the Letter, tho' not without frequent Interruptions of Tears, gave it to *Diana*, who found Means to send it privately away to *France*. She spent the Night, with all the Horror of a despairing Wretch ; and while *John*, impatient for his Happiness, thought every Hour that deferr'd it an Age. At length the fatal Morning appear'd ; and the King hastened to the Princess's Apartment, where finding her still averse to his Desires, he gave a Loose to his Fury, and wou'd that Instant have executed his impious Purpose ; but the Princess stopping him, ' Come Tyrant, said she, lead to the Altar, ' and there receive a Hand that ne'er was destin'd for thee ? but never expect any thing from a Heart that's fix'd beyond the Powet of Fate to alter.' The King, without making her any Reply, led to a Chappel in

the

the Palace, where the Nuptial Rites were perform'd with the profoundest Silence. Condemn'd Criminals, distracted with the Reflection of their approaching Fate, ascend with less Reluctancy the Scaffold, than *Isabel* did the Throne of *England*. Insensible to every Mark of Honour, and wild with the Thought of sure, irreparable Woe, her Distraction had incited her to some rash, desperate Deed, but for the Archbishop of *York*, whose pious Remonstrances, in some Measure, calm'd the Violence of her Grief, and recall'd her fleeting Reason. In the mean time, *John*, whose Passion had all the Fire of burning Lust, without the Nicety of Love, luxuriously revell'd o'er the Charms of his afflicted Queen. But his Bliss was soon dash'd, by unexpected Dispatches from his Mother, who inform'd him of her Retreat in the Castle of *Mirabel*, and urg'd his speedy Departure to her Assistance. His Uneasiness soon appear'd in his gloomy Looks; and *Isabel* perceiv'd it, without deigning to enquire the Cause; which fresh Mark of Indifference gave him the most exquisite Torments.  
‘ Tho’ Heaven has made us One, said the incens’d King, I find our Thoughts are very distant; and ’twill be no unwelcome News to you, to hear that the Queen my Morthet has been oblig’d to retire into the Castle of *Mirabel*, that the impious *Arthur*, aided by your Friends, has made himself Master of the Town, and that I have order’d the necessary

cessary Preparations to go in Person and stop  
the Progress of their Arms, or bravely fall  
in the Defence of my Right. Shou'd Fortune  
frown on my Design, your Vengeance then  
wou'd be compleat, and my Defeat and  
Death as welcome News, as their united  
Efforts to effect it. I am so us'd to your  
Cruelty and Injustice, reply'd the Queen,  
that I do not wonder at this fresh Instance  
of it.—But since such base Suspicions of  
my Virtue speak a Desire of prying into  
the Secrets of my Soul, be satisfied, I shall  
not offer Vows for their Success, nor dare  
I against yours—Duty forbids the Di-  
cates of — Your Wishes, proud ungrate-  
ful Woman, interrupted the King; but Heav-  
en I hope, that knows the Justice of my  
Cause, will fight for me, and baffle their  
Endeavours. — Then go, reply'd the  
Queen—succeed or fall—be Conqueror or  
conquer'd — I must be still unhappy.—But  
if the Victory prove your's, at least learn  
Mercy from that Heaven you trust in, and  
how less Inhumanity to the unhappy Cap-  
tives Fate may make you Master of, than  
you have done to me. — Stung to the  
oul with so just unanswerable a Reproach,  
the exasperated King left the Room, without  
taking farther Leave of the Queen, and giving  
the necessary Orders for his Departure, went  
the next Day to head his Forces, which, with  
a numerus Fleet and favourable Wind, soon  
set Sail for France.

Let

Let us now return to the unhappy Earl, whom we left in all the Pangs and Agonies of disappointed Love: By this time he had receiv'd the Queen of *England's* Letter; and every thing that can be conceiv'd of Horror, Rage, Despair and Jealousy, took Possession of his Soul: Wild with revolving Thoughts of his past Bliss, with certain curst irremediable Woe, his Frenzy had been attended with fatal Consequences, had not his Bosom Friend and Brother the Count *D' Eu*, who never left him, often prevented its Effects. ‘ Oh ! I presag'd it well, cry'd the distracted Earl; ‘ whene'er my ravish'd Eyes gaz'd on my promis'd Bliss, my fair, my lovely *Isabel*; ‘ I thought the Blessing was too great for Man. ‘ But no, she's now another's, and all my Hopes of Happiness in Her, are lost for ever. Why then am I thus forc'd to drag a wretched Life, or groan beneath this mighty Load of Curses. In those Moments, he would again peruse the Letter, the curst deciding Sentence of his Doom; where in he discovers such a blended Mixture of Tenderness and Virtue, as hush'd his Rage, and sunk it to a Calm. After having long sigh'd his Grief in the Bosom of his Brother, he resolv'd to answer the Queen, wh<sup>t</sup> he did in the following Manner.

## The Earl of March to the Queen of England.

M A D A M,

THO' plung'd in Woe, a Prey to all the Horrors, all the grinding Pangs of disappointed Transports, of Rage, Despair, and Jealousy ; such as are too, too mighty for Expression, or Thought, unknowing them, can e'er conceive ; yet oh believe me ! full as it was, my Heart ne'er harbour'd ought injurious to your Vertue : No, my Complaints are limited to Fate, to that curst Fate, that e'er the Morning Dawn, that was to rise upon our Happiness, set mighty Seas 'twixt our divided Loves, and only laid a Heaven of Bliss in View, to make my Fall to Hell the more tormenting and precipitate. Now you are lost ; for ever lost to me ; the Hand that once was destin'd for your Majesty, should nobly free me from the Soul-rending Tortures of that accurst Disappointment, did not the Cause of *Isabel* and Glory, call me to Arms and Vengeance on her Ravisher. But whither does my Distraction hurry me ; forgive the fond delusive Transports of a Soul, that flies with Horror from the Thoughts, the curst tormenting Thought, of your being in the Power of a Tyrant, and separated for ever from your once happy Earl. No, Madam,

C

' now you are Queen of *England*; Wife to  
' *John*; fearful of offending you, my Love  
' shall force me to renounce my Vengeance;  
' and if in the Course of War, he chance to  
' meet my Arms, the Title of your Husband  
' shall shield him from my just Resentment;  
' for as I only liv'd for you, I had rather dye  
' than give you Cause to hate me. But when  
' I think it past the Power of Fate to aggra-  
' vate my Woe, you, Madam, the dear, the  
' lovely Cause of it, by cruel Threats of  
' Death, wound me beyond Expression; your  
' Tyrant Husband's Cruelty, compar'd to  
' your's is Balm. Oh *Isabel*, live, and if pos-  
' sible, live happy; and if a kind endearing  
' Thought of me, will sometimes forcibly in-  
' trude and prove an Hindrance to your fu-  
' ture Peace, tho' to consent to it, be worse  
' than Hell, endeavour to forget, to hate  
' your once lov'd Earl, that present Bar to  
' your Felicity; while all the future Hours  
' of his Life shall be employ'd in fervent  
' Vows to Heaven, for that Tranquility, and  
' Peace of Mind to you, which never, ne-  
ver more, will dwell in him.

The Queen receiv'd the Earl's Letter, with a tenderly penetrated Gratitude. ' Read this,' said she, to *Diana*, compare this dear, this generous Prince, with him I've so much Cause to hate, and judge of what I've lost. A Shower of Tears followed this

Reflection;

Reflection; which *Diana*, who sympathiz'd in the Queen's Sorrow, thought too just to blame.

In the mean time, \* *John* having a fresh Gale, and favourable Wind, soon landed his Forces in *France*, and causing them to march with incredible Diligence towards *Mirabel*, at length sat down before the Town, upon which, ensued a bloody Battle between the *French* and *English*, which prov'd highly successful to the last; Prince *Arthur*, with several other *French* Knights, being taken Prisoners. Soon after this Victory, King *John* caus'd him to be sent from *Falaise* to *Rouen*, under a strong Guard, and with Orders to keep him in the closest Custody. † Some Authors have asserted that before he was brought to *Rouen*, most of the Nobility of *Bretaign* and *Anjou*, appearing zealous in his Cause, the King was advis'd to deprive him of his Eyes and Genitals, to render him at once unfit for Government, or Procreation; to which barbarous Advice he consented, but was disappointed by the Agents of this intended Barbarity; one of whom, to try the Affections of the People, spread about, that he died under the Operation, which so exasperated those of *Bretaign* and *Anjou*, that the King apprehending new Disturbances, remov'd him to a safer Prison at *Rouen*, where in short he disappear'd, but by what means, is yet a Se-

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\* Matt. Paris, Echard.    † Du Chesne Trivet.    C 2    cret

cret to Posterity. However, most Authors press hard upon the Memory of *John*, and say, that by his Orders, he was privately murder'd; \* Others less charitable, affirm, that *John* came in Person, by Night, to the Castle, where he slew the unfortunate Duke of *Bretaign* with his own Hands, and order'd his Body to be thrown into the *Seine*, thinking thereby to bury in eternal Oblivion, with his Nephew's Body, the Knowledge of so black, unnatural an Action.

† The Princess *Constantia*, now married to the Viscount *Thouars*, repair'd to *Paris*, and demanded Vengeance of her Son's Death, and *John's* unheard-of Barbarity. Upon which King *Philip* cited *John* to appear as Duke of *Normandy* before his Peers, to answer this Accusation, and abide their Judgment; which he failing to perform, was adjudg'd guilty of Treason and Murther, sentenc'd to Death, and to forfeit all his Dominions on this Side the *Loire*.

However, as this Sentence and Condemnation of a Crown'd Head cou'd not be executed without the Help of Armies, *Philip* soon after enter'd *Normandy* with a formidable one, where he exercis'd several Acts of Hostility, and made himself Master of *Falaise*, *Coutance*, *Lizieux*, and *Auranches*; *Rouen* alone

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\* *Salmon's Chron. Hist.* † *Mezeray.*

held

held out ; but *Philip* being resolv'd to reduce it, either by Sword or Famine, the Inhabitants at length capitulated, and the Town was surrendered. \* Thus was this rich and fruitful Province restored to *France*, after having been dismembered from it for above three hundred Years.

The Loss of this rich Dukedom was a sensible Wound to King *John*; but however not daring to oppose himself to the victorious Arms of *Philip*, he return'd to *England*, without having gain'd the least Advantage. But his Affliction was soon mitigated by the Birth of a Son, of whom the Queen was brought to Bed soon after his Arrival.

† The *English*, discontented at his late ill Success, and the considerable Loss of *Normandy*, receiv'd him but coldly, and even publickly murmur'd. But he, without regard to the General Dissatisfaction of his People, began indifferently to raise new Taxes upon the Nobility, Clergy, and Commonalty ; but while he thus endeavour'd for the Sinews of War, he more and more lost the Bands of Peace, the Hearts of his Subjects. *Philip* taking Advantage of these fresh Disturbances in *England*, soon subdued *Main Tourain* and *Anjou*, and reduced to his Obedience all *Poitou*, with the same Rapidity of Conquest.

\* *Mezeray.*

† *Salmon's Chron. Hist.*

*John*, terrified at the Progress of his Enemies Arms, began to rouze from the Lethargy he seem'd burried in, and gathering together great Number of Forces, set Sail from *England*, with a powerful Army, and landed before *Rochelle*, where the Viscount *Thouars* and *Meleon*, \* discontented at King *Philip*, came over to him. With their Assistance he made himself Master of *Angers*, and the strong Castle of *Mont-Auban*, which he batter'd fifteen Days. But the Religious Persons of those Parts, mediating between the two Kings, they procur'd a two Years Truce, on no very honourable Terms for *John*, who return'd to *England*, losing all the Advantage he had gain'd.

The Queen had lain in a second time, her Aversion to her Husband not being able to prevent the Natural Consequences of a married State. As her Prudence was equal to her Virtue, she carefully endeavour'd to conceal her Sorrows from the World; and tho' the Earl of *March* was as innocent as *John* was criminal, her Reason restrain'd even her most lawful Desires, and she was always in guard against herself.

In the mean time, *John*, that unrelenting Enemy to Peace and Tranquillity, began afresh to persecute and tax the Clergy, who having been in former Reigns exempted from extra-

\* Mezeray.

ordinary

ordinary Assessments, publickly protested against his Tyrannical Usage. The Archbishop of York, encouraged by the Dignity of his Station, laid before the King the fatal Consequences of this way of proceeding. But *John*, without regard to his Remonstrances, sternly order'd him to retire. The Prelate, justly exasperated, solemnly execrated the King's Receivers in his Diocese, and secretly fled out of the Kingdom.

\* But this was not his only Quarrel with the Church, the Pope having nominated to the Monks of *Canterbury*, and with his own Hands consecrated Cardinal *Stephen Langton*, for their Archbishop, *John*, inform'd of the Proceedings, charg'd the Monks with Treason, and drove them, Sword in Hand, out of the Kingdom, as Criminals of the highest Nature. He afterwards wrote to the Pope, in Terms full of Insolence; which shocking the Pontiff's Pride, occasion'd a new Order from his Holiness to the Bishops, to argue with the King, and if they found him still contumacious, to declare that his Kingdom should be interdicted. *John*, looking on the Remonstrances of these Prelates, as so many Indignities offer'd to his Authority, order'd them to depart his Presence, as they valued their present Safeties. Upon which, the Bishops, after having solemnly inter-

\* Platin. *devita Pontif. Echard.*

dicted the whole Kingdom, abandon'd the King; which threw him into so great a Rage, that he swore he wou'd send all the Clergy to the Pope, and if he found any *Romans*, in his Territories, he wou'd also send them to *Rome*, having first depriv'd them of their Eyes and Nose, that they might be distinguish'd from those of other Nations.

The Clergy, however, without dreading the King's Threats, faithfully executed the Pontiff's Orders; upon which ensued a general Cessation of Divine Service; while *John*, fearless of the Consequences of this Interdict, and disregarding his Subjects Hatred, gave a Loose to his Fury, and proceeded to the most violent Methods, putting the Bishopricks, Abbies, and Priories, under the Custody of Lay-Men, and commanding all the Church Rents to be confiscated, and their Goods and Treasures seiz'd. In short, such as sided with the King, were suspended by the Pope, and such as obey'd the Pope, depriv'd by the King.

During these irregular Proceedings, came a new Sentence from *Rome*, for the Excommunication of the King's Person, with strict Injunction for all Men to abandon his Presence. But *John*, not heeding these Effects of his own Rashness, terminated some Difference he had with the King of *Scotland*, and reduc'd *Wales*, and *Ireland*, returning with Triumph to *London*.

\* On his Return from *Wales*, he was met by two Nuncio's from the Pope, who were dispatch'd to *England*, to make Peace between the King and Ecclesiasticks. *John* consented to the Recall of the proscrib'd Bishops, but not making full Satisfaction for the Goods of the Archbishop and Bishops formerly confiscated, the Treaty prov'd ineffectual, and the Nuncio's return'd to *France*, having first denounc'd Excommunication against the King, and absolv'd all his Subjects, high and low, from their Allegiance to him. The Pope, on his Part, enrag'd at *John's* Obstinacy, solemnly depos'd him from his Kingdom, and wrote to King *Philip*, to put his Sentence in Execution, promising to grant him the Remission of all his Sins, together with the Kingdom of *England*, in perpetual Right, when once he had dethron'd the present Possessor.

Notwithstanding the Extent and Riches of his own Dominions, *Philip* could not help looking on this propos'd new Fortune as worthy his Glory: Authoriz'd by the Pope, the Prerogatives of Infallibility quieted those Scruples concerning the Justice of this intended Invasion, which Conscience often laid in his Way. *John* was with his whole Kingdom interdicted, and *Philip*, who was always a Slave to his Ambition, endeavour'd to persuade him-

self, it was no Crime to depose a Prince already excommunicated, and disobedient to the *Vicar of Christ*, from a Throne, of which his illegal Proceedings with his People, and insolent Scorn of the Pope's Authority, rendred him unworthy. Being now satisfy'd of the Justice of his Cause, he put himself in a Condition of coming over into *England*; he was sufficiently provided with Money, Forces and Ships. \* But being oblig'd to defend his own Dominions, which the Emperor *Otho*, join'd with the Earls of *Flanders* and *Boulogne*, threatned to invade, he gave the Command of this mighty Army to his Son *Lewis*, surnam'd *Coeur de Lion*.

*John*, frighted at so formidable a Preparation, and seeing so many mortal Enemies abroad to attack him, and so few faithful Friends at home to defend him, resolv'd to redeem his Safety, and with a bleeding Heart and a Flood of Tears, sent to entreat the Pope's Intercession. A Legate was immediately dispatch'd from *Rome* with Proposals of Peace, which was at length concluded between King *John* and his Holiness, on Condition, † That *John* shou'd hold his Crown as a Feudatory of the Church of *Rome*, and pay an annual Pension for the Kingdoms of *England* and *Ireland*. After which, the Nuncio hasten'd to *France*, to dissuade *Philip*

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\* Mezeray. † Plantin. *de vita Pontif.*

from his intended Expedition, exhorting him in the Name of God and his Holiness, to desist from his Designs against *John*, who was now an obedient and reconcil'd Son to the Church of *Rome*. But *Philip*, who, like the Pope, regarded *John's* Kingdom more than his Repentance, was highly incens'd at this Proposal, alledging, that he had put himself to a vast Expence, and that as he had undertaken the Enterprize by the Pope's Commands, and for the Remission of his Sins, no new Censures shou'd deter him from it.

The Queen took so little Part in any thing that happen'd, that one wou'd have imagin'd she was no way interested in it. The Earl of *March* alone employ'd her Thoughts, and tho' since her Marriage, she had imposed on herself the cruel Law, of never writing to him, yet she was not often without hearing from him.

*John* having now, notwithstanding the Murmuring and Disaffection of his People, rais'd a prodigious Number of Forces, resolv'd to direct the Course of his Arms toward *Guienne*: Before his Departure, he went to take his Leave of the Queen, whom, tho' he never left without giving her fresh Marks of his Injustice, yet she still preserv'd her usual Moderation; which the savage King, tho' in itself an Effect of consummate Virtue and Goodness, condemn'd as Proofs of Hatred and Indifference.

\* Prince

\* Prince *Lewis* gain'd all imaginable Advantage over *John*; but what was a greater Shock to this unhappy King, was the total Defeat of *Otho* and his own Forces commanded by the Earl of *Salisbury*, at the Battle of *Bouynes*, where *Philip* gain'd so signal a Victory, that neither the Emperor nor the Earls of *Flanders* and *Boulogne* were ever afterwards able to withstand him.

King *John* seeing his own Weakness, was oblig'd to ask a Truce, which was granted and agreed on. Upon which, he set forwards for *England*; where, after his Arrival, he turn'd his Resentment against his Earls and Barons, and to perform his late Engagements with the Pope, forcibly took from them great Part of their Moveables, and so tyrannically oppress'd them, that they openly revolted and took Arms against him. Upon which ensued a War between the King and his Nobility, commonly known by the Name of the *Baron's War*; a Civil Feud, which cost *England* whole Seas of Blood, and was very near being attended with the most fatal Consequences, by bringing an independent free Nation under the arbitrary Subjection of a Foreign Prince.

† In this new Disturbance, *John* had again recourse to the See of *Rome*, requiring from the Pope Succours, which he could not

\* Mezeray.

† Echard.

hope

hope to obtain elsewhere. But, alas ! the Arms of that Empire only consisted in thundering Censures and Anathema's. However, it being at present the Pope's Interest to vindicate John's Proceedings, and put an End to his Troubles, he was visited by a Legate from his Holiness, who, by a definitive Sentence from the *Roman College*, damn'd and cassated the Barons Charter of Liberties, and soon after, generally excommunicated them all by Name, and interdicted their Lands; which Censure, tho' it gave a dangerous Blow to their Faction, they at first very little regarded; but at length, seeing their Estates given away to Strangers, their Wives and Daughters violated, they resolv'd upon a desperate Project, which was to deliver the Kingdom into the Hands of *Lewis*, the *Dauphin* of *France*, and accordingly deputed some of their Body, with Letters of Allegiance, to implore King *Philip* to send his Son over to *England*, and his Son's Acceptance of the Crown.

\* There are few Princes so far Enemies to their Glory as to refuse so tempting an Offer. *Philip* immediately fancied he saw Justice on his Son's Side, and *Lewis*, whose Ambition was no way inferior to his Fathers, accepted the Barons Proposals with the greatest Pleasure. Upon their Delivery of Hos-

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\* Mezeray, Amoin.

tages,

tages, they receiv'd a present Supply of French Soldiers, with promise of the speedy Arrival of their new Sovereign.

The Pope having Intelligence of King Philip's Intentions, dispatch'd a Legate to France, with Apostolick Commands to him, to prevent his Son from entering St. Peter's Patrimony, the Crown of England being now a Feudatory of the Church of Rome, and denouncing the great Curse against him, in case he did. But Philip, with slender Respect, or rather Scorn to his Holiness, answer'd, he was now gone too far to desist, and Lewis, with a numerous Fleet, set forwards for England.

Upon the first News of his Arrival, several Provinces sent their Deputies to congratulate him in their Names, from whom he also received Homage. Coming to London, he was met by the Barons, and received in the City with all possible Demonstrations of Loyalty and Triumph. † Alexander King of Scotland brought him a Body of Cavalry, and the States of the Kingdom having appointed a Day for his Coronation, it was performed amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of the People, and with the usual Solemnity.

John, unwilling to be a tame Spectator of his Enemies Triumph, was retir'd to Winchester, having left his Queen behind him. Amidst all the Terrors that surrounded her, all the Dangers which herself and Children were

† Mezeray.

expos'd

expos'd to, nothing shock'd her so much as the Idea of being expos'd to an Interview with her dear Earl, who, as she imagin'd, had follow'd *Lewis*, in his Expedition. His Merit, Virtue, and every past Service, came now afresh into her Memory ; and the Reflection of that inviolable Respect he had hitherto preserv'd for her, and the Certainty of her being still dear to him as ever, threw her into a painful Perplexity. ‘ Oh *Diana* ! cry'd the afflicted Queen, ‘ thou Partner of my secret Sorrows, instruct me what to do, and help to extricate unhappy *Isabel* from the wild Labyrinth of Thought she's now involv'd in ; Wife to *John*, Mother of several Children, and Queen of *England*, tho' against my Will, how shall I view, or dare to look on that most wretched Prince I have so greatly injur'd ? Madam, reply'd the faithful Confident, in my Opinion, the Cause of your Perplexity ought to be Matter of Joy to your Majesty. After what the Earl has suffer'd on your Account, all the Soul-rending Pangs his labouring jealous Breast has felt in knowing you in another's Arms, wou'd you, cou'd you be so cruel as to deny him the slender Satisfaction of one short transient Interview ; and since his Respect has hitherto been inviolable, what Cause have you to doubt it now ? ’Tis not the generous Earl I dread, reply'd the Queen, but ’tis my self.

Too

‘ Too well I know my Weakness; my Eyes  
‘ wou’d turn Betrayers of my Heart; losing  
‘ themselves in the fond Pleasure of behold-  
‘ ing him, my ravish’d Looks wou’d speak  
‘ the tender Meaning of my Soul, and Rea-  
‘ son, Virtue, Duty, vanish all before the  
‘ the more prevailing Power of Love.

At that Instant, the Queen receiv’d a Mes-  
sage from the new King, desiring Leave to  
wait on her; and soon after he appeared un-  
attended. At Sight of the Dauphine, *Isabel*  
cou’d not refrain from Tears; while *Lewis*,  
surpriz’d at the advantageous Improvement  
he found in her Beauty, stood gazing on her  
for some time without speaking. At length, the  
the first Compliments on both Sides being  
over, ‘ Madam, said the King, kind For-  
tune to Day restores us a Blessing she had  
so cruelly depriv’d us of: And since we are  
again Possessors of it, we shall now more  
carefully endeavour to preserve it.’ ‘ Sir, re-  
ply’d the Queen, whatever Methods the  
King of *England* has put in Practice  
to satisfy an unruly Passion, still I am his,  
and I have Children by him, that ask a  
Mother’s Tenderness and Care; and the  
unhappy Earl of *March*, interrupted the  
King, with a low Voice, requires Sen-  
timents of Pity, which you cannot, without  
the utmost Cruelty, refuse him. Our mutual  
Sorrows, return’d the Queen, not without  
some Emotion at the mention of that dear  
Name,

Name ought to wean us from each other ;  
and if the Earl has lost his Peace of Mind,  
believe me, Sir, I have not much remaining. This unseasonable Indifference, Madam,  
reply'd the King, is cruel beyond Thought :  
Remember in what manner and when you  
were snatch'd from his impatient disappoint-  
ed Hopes : Reflect on what he has suffer'd  
for you ; consider how respectfully, how  
faithfully, he has lov'd you ; and if you have  
not quite forgot him, if there be yet in  
the cold Embers of your dying Love, some  
unextinguish'd Spark, for my Sake I  
conjure you see and speak to him, and  
do not refuse me, what the severest Vir-  
tue might grant without a Blush.' The  
King wou'd not wait for a Reply, but left  
the Room, and soon after appear'd the Earl  
*of March.*

The Tenderness and Emotions these two ill-fated Lovers felt at Sight of each other, are easier conceived than express'd : Soft murmuring Sighs, and silent Tears, the dumb expressive Eloquence of Love, bespoke their mutual melancholy Transports. ' Madam,' said the Earl at length, passionately gazing on the Queen, my Misfortunes have not tir'd my Respect ; and even now, while my fond Eyes devour with greedy Wishes all your Charms, while every Look, while every Thought's dissolv'd in soft, unutterable, and yet respectful Tenderness, my

' trembling Heart's still fearful to offend ;  
' and your commanding Virtue awes the  
' fierce Transports of my Love-sick Soul.  
' You have given me such amazing Proof of  
' your's, My Lord, reply'd the Queen, that  
' shou'd that Love, that Tenderness you  
' speak of, o'erleap its Bounds, and plead in  
' its own Cause, it were unjust in me to  
' blame you ; but oh ! you see to what my  
' curst Condition has subjected me : Wife  
' to a fugitive unhappy King, who perhaps  
' deserves the Rigour of his Fate, Duty for-  
' bids my siding with his Foes, and all the  
' Wrongs I have receiv'd from *John*, cannot  
' dispense my Virtue from what I owe my  
' self and him. If you, My Lord, have suf-  
' fer'd in the Disappointment of your Hopes ;  
' think not your once betroth'd, and promis'd  
' *Isabel*, has been exempt from Sorrow : No,  
' I've a Soul, a sympathizing Soul, that nei-  
' ther yields to your's in Passion or Fedi-  
' lity ; and all those Vows of everlasting Love,  
' which in our Days of Happiness, a lawful  
' Flame forc'd from my Virgin Lips, not  
' all the Tyrant's Threats and Cruelties have  
' yet been able to dissolve. Oh ! had I lov'd  
' you less, my Heart had not been torn with  
' such Variety of Anguish ; and when it strove  
' (forgive me this Confession) to hate you, to  
' forget you, then, then it lov'd you most : But  
' Heaven is righteous in the Pangs I've suf-  
' er'd : For tho' twas with Reluctancy I sinn'd  
against

' against my Love, yet I did sin: And— un-  
' generous cruel Queen, interrupted the  
' Earl, wou'd you deprive me of the Glory,  
' the Pleasure I take in suffering for you; 'tis  
' neither in your Power nor mine to hinder  
' it; and tho' I ne'er must hope for Hap-  
' piness, but by Events, which my Respect  
' for you, and your own Virtue forbid us  
' both to wish; yet oh! permit me still  
' to love you, to adore you, with the same  
' fierce submissive Passion, and seek for Ease  
' and Happiness in an eternal Constancy.  
' You have engag'd me to you by so many  
' Obligations, reply'd the Queen, I can re-  
' fuse you nothing.' 'Yes Prince, indulge a  
' Passion, which even the strictest Virtue cou'd  
' not find Room to blame, and let us trust  
' to Heaven for its Reward; and if a Re-  
' petition of my Vows can ease the Tortures  
' of your Soul, be satisfy'd that you are dear  
' to me as ever; and if I wou'd, I cou'd  
' not cease to love you.' A Shower of  
Tears followed this tender Confession, and  
the Earl, unwilling to increase her Agony,  
by his Presence, retir'd to give a Loose to  
that he felt.

*John* being inform'd at *Winchester*, that  
the Earl of *March* was come over with the  
Dauphine, and was actually at *London*, every  
Thing that can be conceiv'd of Rage and  
Jealousy, seiz'd his tormented Soul, and in  
a Letter he wrote to the Queen, he gave

an unbounded Loose to both. *Isabel* had always design'd to go after her Husband; but at present it was not in her Power; for tho' *Lewis* paid her all imaginable Deference, and us'd her not like a Captive, but a Queen, yet he thought to serve her, by using his Authority to retain her. The Queen had now receiv'd *John's* Letter, and touch'd to the Soul at his Reproaches, and unjust Suspicions of her Virtue, resolv'd to procure her Liberty; and for that Purpose sending for the Earl of *March*, ' My Lord, said the Queen, I am going to urge an uncommon and perhaps unacceptable Request to you— but whom shou'd I apply to, but to the only Man I can rely on? I am oblig'd to go after the King my Husband, and you alone can prevail on the *Dauphine* to give me that Liberty. My stay at *London*, where you are known to be, is grown a publick Talk. Therefore, My Lord, spare me a Confusion, which equally recoils upon yourself, and to what I already owe you, add the never to be forgotten Obligation of my being indebted to you also for my Reputation. Madam, reply'd the Earl, with a Sigh he was not Master of, your Will shall be religiously obey'd—and tho' to part with you be worse than Death— your Virtue shall not suffer Wrong on my Account: Such Sacrifices

‘crifces might indeed be difficult to an interested Lover, but what can you not o'er me ? If *Lewis* will not let you go, Force shall. My Lord, reply'd the Queen, by all the Power you say I have o'er you, I charge you in serving me not to expose your far more precious Life ; for however necessary be my Journey, I do not ask Impossibilities.

The Earl, without regard to the Queen's needless Frights, repair'd to the new King's Apartment, whom he acquainted with her Resolution, intreating him at the same time not to refuse it. *Lewis*, surpriz'd at so unexpected a Request, and especially from the Earl, wou'd not at first listen to it. But *Hugh* assuring him, that his own and *Isabel's* Peace depended on their Separation, the King consented, tho' sore against his Will. A few Hours after the Queen left *London*, and the Earl saw her go, with the slender Comfort of having at least given her a sincere Mark of his Deference.

King *John* was now remov'd from *Winchester* to *Newark*, where he receiv'd the Queen with his usual Brutality. The Thoughts of her having seen the Earl of *March* wrack'd him beyond Expression; but when she inform'd him 'twas to him she ow'd her present Liberty, Imagination scarce can reach the Height of his Distraction. His Rage was oftentimes near

proving fatal to the Queen, whom during the Space of a whole Month he treated like a Slave. But these last Proofs of his Injustice and Barbarity she bore with the same Patience and Moderation, as she had done the first. At length, Heaven tir'd with his repeated Crimes and unrelenting Cruelty, afflicted him with a Fever, which soon prov'd mortal. At first he refus'd to see the Queen; but the Remorses of his troubled Conscience, and the impending Vengeance of an offended God, with which the Bishop of Worcester piously threatned him, began to work upon his Impenitence; and sending for the most considerable Persons at Newark to be Witnesses of his last Will, he appointed his eldest Son *Henry* to be his Successor; named *Richard Earl of Cornwall* and *Poitou*, and *Edmund Earl of Lancaster*. After which he made the Queen some sort of Reparation, and with apparent Marks of Penitence and Devotion, resign'd his Breath in her Arms, a Fate too glorious for so undeserving an Husband.

\* Immediately after the Funeral Rites were over, the Queen sent for the Earl of Pembroke, Earl Marshal of England, and to his Care abandon'd Prince *Henry*. Upon which the Earl summon'd the Nobility at Gloucester

ester, where he insinuated to them, that tho' they had persecuted, and perhaps justly, the Father for his tyrannical Administration, yet that Pity was to be had to the tender Years of the innocent Prince, and exhorted them by crowning him, to expel *Lewis* and his Followers, and to take away the Reproach of the Nation, by breaking the Yoke of that unjust Servitude. This they all unanimously agreed to ; a Day was appointed for his Coronation, and Things being got ready, he was Crown'd at *Gloucester*, with the usual Solemnities, in Presence of the Pope's Legate.

*Lewis*, appriz'd at the same time of *John's* Death, and his Son's Coronation, endeavour'd to strengthen his Party among the *Londoners* ; but the People, weary with the Reign of a Foreign Prince, turn'd their Backs to the *French*, and sided with the Infant King. Upon which a Cessation from Hostilities was propounded, and a Truce agreed on, between both Parties, which *Lewis* the more readily came into, because he had Intelligence from *Rome*, that the Curse, which the Legate had denounc'd against him, wou'd shortly be confirm'd by the Pope ; soon after which, he left *London*, and set forwards for *France*.

What were now the Thoughts — the pleasing painful Thoughts, that agitated our two illustrious Lovers— their Passion, which in the midst of so many Difficulties had

still continued violent as ever, cou'd not but receive fresh Life and Vigour now Hope began to dawn upon their Wishes. The Queen 'tis probable was not much griev'd at her Husband's Death: However, she strictly preserv'd the *Decorum* which her Dignity requir'd, endeavouring to promote her Childrens Interest with an indulgent Mother's Fondness, and the consummate Prudence of a skillful Queen.

The Earl, in a Juncture so favourable to his Wishes, wou'd not follow *Lewis* to *France*, who on his Part was too reasonable to exact from him a Deference of this Nature; and immediately after his Departure, the Earl set forwards for *Gloucester*, where the Queen then was.

He was no sooner arriv'd but he resolv'd to write to her, not thinking it proper openly to appear at young King *Henry*'s Court without her Approbation. The Queen open'd the Letter, with an Emotion, she was not Mistress of, and read what follows.

*The Earl of March to the Queen of England.*

MADAM,

THO' I have no Reason to doubt your Goodness, I dare not appear at Court, without Leave from your Majesty. When I reflect on all my past Misfortunes,

Misfortunes, I cannot be free from the Apprehension of new one's. My Fate is in your Hands— and whatsoever you may Decree, I shall submit, — I can- not say with Pleasure— but at least without repining.

The Queen was too much prepossess'd in Favour of the Earl, not to be sensibly touch'd at this fresh Proof of his respectful Passion. Love and Gratitude pleaded strongly in his Behalf, and her Duty being no longer subjected to tyrannick Scruples, she immediately answer'd the Earl in the following manner.

*The Queen of England to the Earl of March.*

I shou'd be as cruel to my self, as to your Lordship, shou'd I refuse you what you so well deserve. Haste then, my Lord, and come with Confidence to a Place, where your Presence is impatiently desir'd— and be assur'd, that if I cou'd have done it with Decency, you shou'd have known before, how well, how truly you're belov'd.

These few Words gave the Earl unimaginable Pleasure ; and hast'ning to Court he threw himself at the Queen's Feet, and there gave a Loose to the immoderate Joy of his transported Soul. In short, after having indulg'd themselves for some time in the

the Rapture of their approaching Happiness, and exchang'd reciprocal Vows of Love and Constancy, the Queen desir'd the Earl not to appear publickly at Court, before she had consulted with the Earl *Marshal*, and many other Lords of known Probity; who having unanimously agreed to it, *Hugh* saw and embrac'd the young Princes. The *English*, who had always lov'd the Queen, paid him all imaginable Respect; and their Mourning had now only the exterior Part of Grief.

The *Dauphin's* Stay in *France* was not long, the frequent Revolts of the *English* calling him away. But his Forces having been defeated near *Lincoln*, and fearing to be besieg'd in *London*, where he had retir'd, a Truce was propos'd and agreed to between both Parties. *Lewis* consented to resign his Conquests in *England*, and soon after set sail with his Forces for *France*, having been for the most part a receiv'd King in the *English* Territories above two Years, the Period of his first Arrival. In this wish'd for Calm, the Earl of *March*, who had continued Neuter, since his late Appearance at Court was publickly marri'd to the beautiful Queen, and all their past Misfortunes were follow'd with an uninterrupted Felicity, which never ended but with their Lives.

# FREDEGUND,

under CHILPERIC King of  
FRANCE.

AFTER the Decease of *Clotarius the First*, whose sudden Death \* seem'd an Effect of the Divine Vengeance for his unnatural Cruelty to his Son, whom, with his Wife and Children, he caus'd to be burnt alive in a Barn, the Kingdom of *France* was divided between his remaining Sons; which unhappy Division prov'd the Source of infinite Woe; Ambition triumph'd over the Tyes of Nature, and Love gave Birth to all the Horrors of intestine Broils, Murders, Assassinations, and eternal Discords.

† The four Princes having agreed to cast Lots for their respective Possessions, the Dominion of *Paris* fell to *Cherebert*; *Orleans*, with a good Part of *Burgundy*, to *Gontran*;

\* Mezeray. † Ibid.

*Metz*, to *Sigebert*, and *Soiffons* to *Chilperic*. But this equal Distribution, which ought to have laid the Foundation of an eternal Peace, had a quite contrary Effect. For *Cherebert* dying after a short Reign, the surviving Brothers severally aspired to the Succession of his Dominions. The haughty *Brunebaud*, (Wife to *Sigebert*, and Daughter to *Athanagildus*, King of the *Visigoths*, whose Beauty, tho' considerable, was by far surpass'd by her Deformity of Soul, gave her Husband pernicious Counsels on that Occasion, and in Process of Time, Birth to all that Calamity, which, at length, ended in her deserv'd and ignominious Fate.

*Chilperic* was now married to the Princess *Audovere*, who far from fixing a Heart, her Charms and Virtue render'd her so worthy of, saw herself, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, expos'd to the Infamy and Sorrow of a shameful Divorce, tho' Mother of four Children, *Theodebert*, *Meroveus*, *Clovis*, and the Princess *Basine*.

Among her Maids of Honour, who were generally selected from the most illustrious Families in the King's Dominions, Chance, not Choice, introduc'd one, who, tho' by far inferiour to the rest in Birth, surpass'd them all in Beauty; her Name was *Fredegund*, and never did a fair beautiful Outside conceal a more haughty, malicious, and enterprizing Spirit.

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The Queen, who admitted her thro' her usual Good-Nature, distinguish'd her afterwards by Inclination, and by an indiscreet and impartial Accumulation of Favours, furnish'd this dangerous Beauty with Arms against herself. The amorous *Chilperic* soon conceiv'd a Passion for her, wherein his Reason, Glory, and at length his Life shipwreck'd ; and giving an unbridled Loose to the Dictates of an inpetuous Flame, he renounc'd all Study, Care and Thought but of his belov'd new Mistress.

O'erjoy'd at this prodigious Effect of her Beauty, she resolv'd to fix the Royal Lover intirely her's; to which Purpose she arm'd her Eyes with the most killing Darts of Love, and summon'd all her Wit and Charms to her Assistance. The enamour'd King, impatient of Delay, now urged his Suit with greater Vehemence than ever ; but she seeing her Conquest assur'd, and *Chilperic* irretrievably captivated, used her Power with Tyranny, and politickly continued to refuse, what in the End she had resolv'd to grant, but then only when it might best answer her ambitious Views.

'Tis a true Maxim, that in Matters of Love, Favours purchas'd with Ease, soon lose their native Relish, and grow insipid, but when acquir'd with Difficulty, enhance the Price and Pleasure of the Conquest. *Fredegund* was no Novice in the School of Love ;

Love; affecting a Coyness and Severity, that were very distant from her Heart, she turn'd all the King's Vows and Transports into Raillery, and by forc'd Familiarity with others, appear'd intirely regardless of his Offers.

This affected Indifference had its desired Effect; *Chilperic* piqued and inflam'd at her Resistance, resolv'd to sacrifice every thing to the Gratification of his Passion; and thinking to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, by an open Disregard of his Wife, and that *Audovera*'s Dignity of Queen wou'd render her Disgrace the greater and more glorious for *Fredegund*, he soon confirm'd her Suspicions of his Inconstancy, and gave her no room to doubt but that it was the Effect of her own Good-nature. As she had truly lov'd this ungrateful King, his Indifference was a sensible Affliction to her; but conscious that a Disgrace of that Nature was only infamous to such as had deserv'd it, she resolv'd patiently to acquiesce to the Decrees of Fate; and Religion, with the help of other Virtues, strengthen'd her in this pious Resolution.

*Chilperic*, whose only Care and Study was to please his Mistress, omitted nothing which he thought capable of working upon her Insensibility. But *Fredegund*, unwilling to encourage his Passion till she had pav'd herself away to the Throne, still remain'd inflexible,

flectible. The People's universal Love for the Queen was indeed a considerable Obstacle to her Wishes; but trusting to her Power over the King, and to his natural Tendency to Pleasure and Dissolution, she at length resolv'd to deprive the Kingdom of its best and greatest Ornament, thereby to introduce Vice and Villany with the greater Ease.

In the mean time, the young Princes increas'd in Years, and the Affection of the People. Their Power, it was probable, might one Day restore their Mother's Credit, or severely revenge her Wrongs on the Authors; and her Pregnancy was a Proof, that *Chilperic* had yet some faint remaining Tenderness left for her; all which made *Fredegund* apprehensive of a Revolution, which was not without Appearance, and obliged her to keep her Royal Lover within the Limits of Respect and Wishes. But to avert this not impossible Turn in her Affairs, the bare Idea of which made her shudder, she immediately doom'd the unfortunate *Audovere* a Sacrifice to her Ambition, or resolv'd at least to procure her Banishment. In order to this, she began to steer a quite different Course from what she had hitherto done; and if she was at first obdurate, the King had now no Reason to complain of her Indifference. In short, \* the transported *Chilperic*, unable to

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\* Gregory de Tours.

resist the powerful Intreaties of his lov'd Mistress, publickly divorced his Wife, who, to conceal her Ignominy, retired to a Convent with all that Peace of Mind and Tranquillity which are the inseparable Attendants of Virtue and Devotion.

So flagrant an Injustice caused a general Murmur among the People, who were passionately fond of their Queen, all unanimously pitying her unhappy Fate, and venting fruitless Curses on the Author of it, the impious *Fredegund*; who, without Regard to their Complaints, triumph'd with insulting Pride o'er the Fruit of her Treachery and Ingratitude. *Chilperic*, tho' a Slave to her Will, fearing the Consequences of this Disaffection in the People, durst not, as he had at first design'd, raise her to his Throne, but was even forced, at their repeated Intreaties, to fix his Choice on some Princess, whose Alliance might prove advantageous to the present Posture of his Affairs. *Galesuinte*, Sister to *Brunehaud*, and second Daughter of *Athagildus*, was thought a proper Match for him; and *Chilperic*, notwithstanding the Prayers and Tears of his Mistress to prevent it, chose rather to consent to the Request of his Subjects, than expose himself to an otherwise unavoidable Civil War. *Gogon*, a Man of eminent Merit and Distinction, was deputed

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† Mezeray.

to demand the Princess in Marriage; which was rather granted thro' Fear than Good-will, † her Father having previously bound the King, and other Lords of his Court, under the most solemn Vows and Oaths, that he would not, nor that they should suffer him, to abandon her, for any other Woman during her Life.

*Gale suinte*, to a surprising Beauty, join'd a quick penetrating Wit, with such enchanting Modesty and Softness, as might have touch'd the most insensible Heart. But *Fredegund*, at sight of an Object that destroy'd her Hopes of Grandeur, was only fill'd with Rage and Indignation, and from that Instant began to meditate on the Means of disappointing the new Queen's propos'd Happiness in the Arms of *Chilperic*.

As *Gogon*, in his Negociation of the King's Marriage, had often seen *Gale suinte*, and paid her that Demeanor and Respect, which he thought due to a Princess, who was shortly to be his Queen, she in return treated him with distinguishing Marks of Civility, and even testify'd to *Chilperic* her Satisfaction of this faithful Minister. This Effect of an innocent Gratitude, furnish'd *Fredegund* with sufficient Arms against her Rival: She represented to the King, that *Gogon*'s officious Zeal for the Queen, and her singular Distinction of him, from the other Courtiers, certainly concealed some private In-

trigue, injurious to his Honour ; and this she took Care to aggravate with all the implacable and artful Malice of an incens'd jealous Woman. \* The credulous, or rather stupid, *Chilperic*, was soon fit'd to her Wish ; and causing the unfortunate *Goyon* to be feiz'd, he had him beheaded under some frivolous Pretence, as void of Reason as of Justice. The Queen look'd on his Misfortune as a certain *Omen* of her own ; for tho' she knew the King cou'd not publickly take away her Life, yet she had sufficient Cause to dread some private Attempt upon it : In Effect, instigated by *Fredegund*, that unrelenting Enemy to Virtue, the doating *Chilperic*, or rather this Monster of Barbarity, strangled, with his own Hands, the innocent and beautiful *Gale suinte* : Strange unexampled Cruelty ! which was just Matter of Horror and Wonder to the whole World, but rais'd *Fredegund* to her desired Height of Happiness, The enamour'd King, as a convincing Proof of his Weakness, being soon afterwards married to her.

† The Queen's Death, and the horrid Manner of it, was generally thought the Effect of *Fredegund's* Jealousy ; tho' her Adherents, to remove from her the *Odium* of so black an Action, insolently attributed the Murder to *Brune hand*, who as they said, envi-

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\* Valois. Aimoin. † Mezeray.

ous of her Sister's Happiness, had caus'd her to be privately dispatch'd by a Set of Assassins she had always at her Beck.

'Tis certain, that few Women ever carried Cruelty to a greater Heighth than *Brune-haud*; but it is very improbable, or rather impossible, she could have any Hand in the Murder of *Galesuinte*, the publick Testimonies of her Resentment, and other material Circumstances, indisputably confirming that Opinion. At the first News of her Sister's Death, she loudly demanded Vengeance of *Athanagildus*, accusing *Fredegund* to be the Author of it. The King of the *Visigoths*, whom Reasons of State oblig'd to stifle his Resentments, satisfied himself with deploring the unhappy Destiny of his Daughter, and *Brunchaud*, whose Zeal was perhaps more the Effect of Vanity, than real Sorrow, finding she had nothing to hope for from her Father, resolv'd on other Means of perfecting her Revenge.

During the Absence of *Sigebert*, her Husband, who was then making War upon the *Huns*, *Chilperic*, at the Instigation of *Fredegund*, broke in upon his Territories—*Brune-haud*, glad of an Opportunity to facilitate her Designs, and joyning this unjust Irruption to the cruel Murder of her Sister, wrote to *Sigebert* in the most pressing Terms, drawing *Fredegund*, the Author of all this Mischief, in Colours, which she perhaps

borrow'd from her own Defects, and conjuring him not to suffer this implacable Fury to extinguish the whole Race of *Clotarius*, and *Athanagildus*, nor *Chilperic* to aggrandize himself in his Ruin.

\* *Sigebert*, recall'd by the pressing Instances of his belov'd Wife, soon concluded an advantageous Peace with the *Huns*, and returning to *France*, took *Rheims* from *Chilperic*; from thence he march'd to *Soissons*, gave Battle to his Brother, intirely defeated his Troops, and making himself Master of that City, obliged *Chilperic* to shut himself up in *Tournay*, after having lost his darling Son *Theodebert*, and thought himself strong enough to invade and conquer the whole Kingdom of *Metz*.

*Sigebert*, in the mean time, advanc'd towards *Paris*, which, since the Death of *Cherebert*, had been under no particular Dominion; the Inhabitants whereof receiv'd him; with all possible Demonstrations of Loyalty and Joy. His Stay there was but short, for being willing to promote the Success of his Arms, and thinking himself secure of all, cou'd he but once make himself Master of *Chilperic*, he march'd with his Army towards *Tournay*; † but encamping against the Advice of his Council at *Vitry*, there *Fredegund* found means to destroy by

\* Grimeston's Hist. of France.

Landed

† Mezeray.

Artifice,

Artifice, an otherwise invincible Conqueror, Two Assassins hir'd for that Purpose, under Pretence of revealing some important Secret to the King, stabb'd him in his Tent, but were themselves tore to Pieces by the Soldiers, according to *Fredegund's* Wish.

*Sigebert's* Death was follow'd with a sudden general Revolution ; his Forces raised the Siege of *Tournay* ; Part retired in Confusion, and the rest went over to *Chilperic*, their Affection dying with their Prince.

*Bruneaud*, in whom every Passion raged immoderate, was inexpressibly grieved at her Loss of so illustrious an Husband, and the Defeat of all her Hopes of Vengeance. The faithless *Parisians*, who had revolted to *Chilperic*, forgetting she had been their Queen, order'd a strict Guard to be set over her and her Family. \* But Duke *Gombaud*, one of the most considerable Noblemen of *Austrasia*, found Means privately to convey young Prince *Childebert* to *Metz*, by letting him down the Walls of the City, in a Basket, to one of his Domesticks, who waited there for that Purpose.

The faithful *Austrasians* received their Prince with inexpressible Tokens of Joy. On *Christmas-Day* following they crown'd him King, and put him under the Protection of *Gontran* ; which preventing *Chilperic's* De-

\* Mezeray.

sign of invading Childebert's Kingdom, he repair'd to Paris, where he entered in a triumphant Manner, and banish'd Brunehaud Rouen, and her two Daughters to Meaux.

This Woman, to an intrepid Boldness of Spirit, join'd a surprizing Wit, a soft persuasive Eloquence, and a considerable Share of Beauty. So many Charms could not fail of procuring her a sufficient Number of Friends in her Retreat, to give Umbrage to Chilperic, and alarm the conscious Fredegund. And indeed she represented to the King the dangerous Consequences of allowing the least Freedom to a Woman, who only made use of it to blacken their Actions, and by rendering them odious, work on the Minds of the credulous People, and prevail on them to espouse a Cause, that was not yet without Adherents.

Chilperic, born to believe, and be subservient in every thing to Fredegund, promised her all she asked, and even to settle the Crown on her Posterity, without Regard to the just Pretensions of his other Children. Upon this, Prince Meroveus, Son to the unhappy Audovere, and the next presumptive Heir, unwilling to lose his Right to the Throne, gathered together a considerable Number of Forces, and took Arms against his Father, retiring to Rouen, with a Design of mortifying Fredegund, by releasing Brunehaud from her present close Confinement.

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The Prince was naturally amorous, and in an Age where a Weakness of that Nature is very excusable; his tender Soul had ever been susceptible of Pity to the Misfortunes of others: Those of his own Mother had often fill'd his Eyes with Tears; he could not even see them fall from others without Emotion; and as to his Person, Nature seem'd to have there lavish'd all her Store of Graces.

Upon his Arrival to *Rouen*, he caused *Brunehaud* to be brought before him, who in her flowing Hair, and mourning Habit, appear'd so ravishingly beautiful to the Eyes of the young Prince, that, forgetting she had been his Uncle's Wife, Love, with all its Train of soft Soul-thrilling Hopes and tender Wishes, took Possession of his Heart. *Brunehaud*, who in his ravish'd Looks perceiv'd his growing Passion, managed her own with so much Art, and in such lively Colours, back'd with the pow'ful resistless Eloquence of Tears, painted her Distress, that *Pity* join'd with *Love* for his Undoing, and perfected this glorious Conquest of her Charms.

So unexpected a Change in *Brunehaud's* Fortune, proved very favourable to the Prince's Passion. Freed from Captivity, and the impending Vengeance of her implacable Enemy *Fredegund*, her Gratitude easily surmounted the Scruples of Consanguinity; and after the necessary Preparations for their

Marriage,\* the Ceremony was perform'd by *Pretextat*, Archbishop of *Rouen*, who following the Dictates of his *Interest* preferable to those of *Conscience*, made no Difficulty of tying this incestuous Knot.

*Fredegund*, tho' capable of worse, shudder'd at the News; not thro' any Sentiments of Devotion, but out of mere Pride. *Chilperic*, the tame submissive Servant of her Pleasure, swore the Destruction of his Son, thinking, as she artfully insinuated, that this late open Insult of his Power, was the Effect of *Audovera's* Advice, and only list'ning to his impetuous Resentment, he march'd in Person to *Rouen*, leaving his Son *Clovis* at *Soissons*, in love with a Daughter of one of the Queen's Maids of Honour. The enrag'd *Chilperic* soon made himself Master of the Place, order'd *Brunehaud* to be closely guard-ed in the old Palace, and confined the Prince her Husband in a Monastery.

But Captivity alone did not answer *Fredegund's* Wish: *Meroveus*, she thought might possibly be freed, and nothing but his Death cou'd satisfy her: In order to which, she found Means to bribe one of his Domesticks, who by her Directions, propos'd to the Prince a Way of making his Escape from the Monastery; assuring him, as an Encouragement, that his Friends had rais'd a considerable

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\* Mezeray, *Father L'Abbe*.

Number of Forces, who only waited his Commands to fall upon *Chilperic*. The unsuspecting Prince, at the Traytor's Desire, wrote to his suppos'd Friends, in acknowledgment for their Zeal; and delivering him the Letters, they were carried and produced to the King, who without Regard to the gentle Calls of Nature, caused his Son to be assassinated; and soon after, Queen *Audovere* and her Daughter were also sacrificed to *Fredegund*'s Ambition, and sent after *Galesuinte*, *Siebert*, and *Meroeus*. *Clovis* was the only surviving Branch of an unhappy Race; and *Fredegund* had already destin'd Him a like Fate; but the Lots of all his other Children endearing him to *Chilperic*, she thought it proper to defer for a while this last A&T of her bloody Tragedy, and that the rather, as this young Prince was extremely mild, as yet incapable of doing her Prejudice, and of no very promising Qualifications.

But while he made Love his only Care and Study, and that *Childebert*, *Bruneaud*'s Son, was preparing to besiege *Soiffons*, *Fredegund*, unwilling to expose herself to the Casualties of War, left the Place, with her Family, attended by Prince *Clovis*, whose Passion would not permit him to lose Sight of his belov'd Mistress. Soon after, *Fredegund* was brought to Bed of a Son, whom she nam'd *Clotarius*, whereof *Chilperic*, in all probability, was not the only Father; for presuming on her Power over

over the besotted King, she had of late given a Loose to her natural Love of Variety, and several Lovers of different Sorts and Characters, had less Reason to complain of her Cruelty than *Chilperic's* unhappy Progeny. *Beleranus*, Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*, join'd his Mitre to the other Trophies of her Conquest; \* but of all her Adorers, she particularly distinguish'd *Landry de la Tour*, who by her Means had been created *Mair* of the Palace, and a Peer of *France*.

*Landry* was in the Bloom of Youth and Vigour; his Person was extremely graceful; his Wit quick and sprightly, but his Temper ambitious, bold, and enterprizing; in short, he had all the Requisites to please a Woman of *Fredegund's* Temper. And, indeed, she grew so passionately fond of him, and their Intrigue so publick, that *Chilperic* was the only one that did not perceive it. During this criminal Intelligence, the unhappy *Clovis* fell also a Sacrifice to *Fredegund's* Revenge: His Passion pav'd the Way to his Misfortune; for having indiscreetly open'd his Heart to his Mistress, concerning *Fredegund*, and his intended Vengeance of her Crimes, in case he came to his Father's Throne, the foolish Girl repeated the Prince's Threats to her yet more foolish Mother. In short, the Story came to *Fredegund's* Ears, who apprehending

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\* Mezeray, Grimeston.

the Effects of this early Resentment, accus'd the Prince to have poison'd her two Sons ; and so strangely prepossess'd *Chilperic* against him, that this inhuman Father gave up his only Son a Victim to her Fury. The ill-fated *Clovis* was † assassinated, and afterwards thrown into a River. But his Body being found on the Shore by a Fisherman, was by him privately conveyed to *Gontran*, who caused it to be deposited in the Church of St. *Vincent* at *Paris*.

The Prince's Death remov'd every Obstacle to *Fredegund*'s Security, and all her Fear of being, after the Decease of *Chilperic*, call'd to a severe Account for the Mischief she had occasion'd ; infatiate in her Pleasure as in Cruelty, she insolently gave a Loose to both, and at length the unhappy *Chilperic* himself felt the sad Effects of his ill-grounded Love and Generosity.

*Landry*, on his part, whom she had raised to all the highest Dignities in the Kingdom, began to despise even his Master, aspiring to a Crown which *Fredegund*, in the midst of her amorous Transports, often promised him, as a Reward for his private Services.

‘ *Landry*, wou’d she then say to him, you  
‘ ought to have no mean Opinion of your  
‘ Merit, after the Effects it had produced ;  
‘ ’tis you alone I cou’d ever teach my Heart

† Mezeray.

‘ to love sincerely, and I have often won-  
‘ der’d at the swift Progress you made there.  
‘ Madam, reply’d *Landry*, the Pleasure of  
‘ so tender a Confession is, in my Opinion,  
‘ preferable to the greatest Fortune, and all  
‘ its wanton Smiles on me are poor, to one  
‘ from you ; but yet, my Queen, your pas-  
‘ sionate entirely devoted *Landry*, sees you  
‘ in the Arms of *Chilperic*, and cannot,  
‘ without repining at his Fate, think on the  
‘ King’s Prerogative of Husband. Kindly  
‘ reproach’d, return’d the Queen, with a  
Look that clearly denoted the raging Fire of  
her Soul, ‘ but then to ease the Torture of  
‘ that Thought, reflect on those all-powerful  
‘ Privileges, my Love has made you Master  
‘ of ; here you command, and while I live,  
‘ may share the Royal Power with me ; *Chil-*  
*peric*, whom by Artifice and Flattery, I  
‘ have long since dispossess’d of all Autho-  
‘ rity, is now grown a mere Shadow, that  
‘ we may dissipate at Will. However, while  
‘ we can make his Dignity subservient to  
‘ our Happiness — let him live — but  
‘ when our Power shall need no farther Prop,  
‘ — perish the needless Tool, and let us  
‘ send him after *Clovis* and *Meroveus*.’ *Land-*  
*dry*, whose Ambition was tickled by this  
Scheme of future Greatness, applauded her  
Resolution, and with repeated Proofs of vi-  
gorous Love, endeavour’d to render himself  
worthy *Fredegund*’s Sentiments for him.

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The doating *Chilperic* had never express'd so great a Fondness for his Wife, than he did at that time; one wou'd have thought that all the Blood she had spilt had only endear'd her to the amorous Monarch: A thousand Vows and Protestations of eternal Love were the daily Homages of his Heart ; and ignorant of the fatal Reward that waited his ill-requited Tenderness, he only seem'd to live in his admir'd *Fredegund*.

The King was an extream Lover of Hunting, and being now in an Interval of Peace, he made it his frequent Diversion.

He rose one Morning from *Fredegund*, to take Horse with those that generally follow'd him to that Exercise; but being obliged to dispatch some unexpected State Affairs, a Fit of Love, or rather his unhappy Destiny drove him again to the Queen's Apartment. Willing to surprize her, made so little Noise in coming in, that she did not hear him. She was then combing her Hair; which hung partly loose about her Shoulders, and partly over her Head, and this together with the Negligence of her Dress, added resistless Graces to her natural Beauty. The amorous King gaz'd on her some Moments, unseen, with Admiration; but at length, unable to resist the fiery Transport of his Soul, he struck her gently over the Shoulder with his riding Wand.

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\* Du Chesne, Grimeston.

*Fredegunda*

*Fredegund*, not dreaming of *Chilperic*, whom she imagin'd far enough off, but thinking it was *Landry*, who at all Time and Hours, had the Liberty of her Apartment, without turning her Head, unluckily dropt an Expression, which unravell'd the whole Mystery of her Intrigue with him, and discover'd her Ingratitude to the King. His late Transport immediately gave way to all the Horrors of Jealousy and Despair, and leaving the Room as softly as he came into it, he took Horse for his intended Diversion, but with unimaginable Agony of Mind.

N. B. The Expression, upon the French Records, is this, *Landry Landry un bon Cavalier ne prend jamais sa Maitresse par derrière*.— Which Mr. Grimeston, renders thus — *Landry*, in my Opinion, a good Knight shou'd attack his Mistress before, not behind.

*Fredegund* was but too soon convinc'd of her Mistake, and dreading its Consequences, doom'd her Husband a Victim without farther Appeal. She was no Novice in Cruelty, having already made Trial of her Skill, upon three Crown'd Heads and two Princes. *Landry* was immediately sent for, when only listning to the Dictates of her Fear, ‘ My dear *Landry*, she cry'd, my ‘ Imprudence has thrown us in the greatest ‘ Danger, and we are inevitably lost unless you speedily contrive the Means of ‘ preventing it. In short, my treach'rous ch'rous

ch'rotis Lips have betray'd my Heart ; Chilperic is no longer ignorant of our Commerce, and since our Lives and future Happiness depend at present upon his Death, he dies — 'tis fix'd as Fate—and you the faithful Agent of my Vengeance — must boldy free me from a loath'd and dangerous Husband— and rid your self of a detested Rival, in the Royal Bed and Throne. — Go *Landry* — strike home be sure—and by speedy Execution of my Wishes — render yourself worthy *Fredegund*, and all our Views of future Grandeur.'

*Landry*, tho' entirely devoted to her Will, was yet struck with Horror at *Fredegund's* Proposal, and his wild Looks and stammering Tongue, discovering the Confusion and Disorder of his Soul. 'What cry'd the Queen ! do you Hesitate ? Dastard, unworthy of my Love, and the Preference I have given thee over so many others, how dare thy Coward Soul avow a Fear that's a Stranger to the Heart of *Fredegund*. "Tis not a whining soft unactive Passion, that can satisfy me — Love without Courage and Submission I despise, and since — Enough, Madam, interrupted *Landry*, stung to the Soul with her Reproaches, your Will shall be obey'd with Intrepidity. *Chilperic* is sufficiently criminal, now he is grown dangerous, and that you have doom'd his Fate, He dies — I swear it at your Feet'. — The Cloud

Cloud that hung on *Fredegund's* Brow immediately gave way to serener Looks, and *Landry* left her to put the bloody Project in Execution.

*Chilperic*, in the Dusk of the Evening, was returning from Hunting, meditating perhaps some severe Vengeance against his treach'rous Wife and her ungrateful Paramour. He had left his Guards at some small Distance, and was then attended but by one Page, when a Band of Assassins, hired for that Purpose by *Landry*, under Pretence of guarding, stabb'd him and his Attendant in several Places, before they had time to put themselves in any Posture of Defence.

The Villains despersed, and directed their Course towards *Austrasia*, \* to make the World believe, that their Crime was an Effect of *Brunchaud's* Revenge, who was now freed from Captivity, and restored to her former Dignity, and the Possession of her Dominions: The affected Cries and Clamours of *Fredegund* and *Landry* seem'd to justify the Opinion, but with the more clear-sighted and discerning Part, their unusual Mourning and Endeavours to disculp themselves, were convincing Arguments of their Guilt.

Conscious of her Crime, and fearing *Childebert*, who was then at *Meaux*, *Fredegund* retir'd to *Paris*, where she found Means to

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\* Mezeray, Grimeston.

prevail

prevail on *Gontran* her Husband's Brother, to take her Child and herself under his Protection. She was by him constituted Regent during her Son's Minority, and successfully baffled all *Childebert's* and *Brunehaud's* Attempts upon his Dominions. At length, after a Life stain'd with all manner of Crimes, and full of Infamy, this Prodigy of her Sex dy'd of a Fever, tho' she deserv'd a far worse Fate. As to *Brunehaud*, the whole World is acquainted with her \* unhappy Catastrophe, wherein she was the rather to be pitied, as she had been Daughter, Wife, Mother, and Grandmother of Kings, and that *Fredegund* was of the meanest Extraction. Be that as it will, 'tis certain, the whole World never produc'd two more detestable, or generally detested Monsters, than these Women.

\* *Brunehaud* was taken and accus'd by *Clotarius the Second* with the Murders of ten Kings, and try'd by his Army who finding her guilty, she was three Days put to the Rack, afterwards led naked round the Camp up on a Camel, and then torn to Pieces by four wild Horses. She was Daughter to *Athanagildus King of Spain*, Wife to *Sigebert King of Metz*, Mother to *Childebert* afterwards King of *Austrasia*, and Grandmother of *Theodebert* and *Thierry*, *Childebert's* two Sons; *Theodebert* succeeded his Father in *Austrasia*, and *Thierry* was made King of *Burgundy* and *Orleans*. †

Du Chesne, Mezeray, Grimston.

R O. X.

## *R O X E L A N A,* under SOLIMAN, the Second Emperor of the TURKS.

**B**EAUTY, of all Empires, is the most absolute and arbitrary, and that Woman who prudently manages those Charms she is Mistress of, may well be term'd truly powerful. The greatest Conquerors and even the Masters of the Universe have sometimes been govern'd by those who had been their Slaves, and the World has been Witness of several of these sort of Prodigies, under Princes, who by the Glory of their Actions, had a just Title to Immortality.

Soliman's unexampled Passion, and blind Condescension to the haughty *Roxelana*, is a memorable Instance of the Truth of that Maxim. This Prince, with his Father's, the great Selim's Throne, had inherited all his Virtues. He was Master of a consummate Prudence, brave to Excess, indefatigable in War, grateful to those who had faithfully

ly serv'd him, magnificent and liberal in his Expences, tender and indulgent to his Family, great in his Designs, successful in their Execution, well made in his Person, of a quick discerning Judgment, of an extream Vivacity of Thought, and a scrupulous Attachment to the most trivial Rules of the *Mahometan* Religion.

His first Passion was a beautiful *Georgian*, who dy'd soon after the Delivery of her first and only Son; as the *Sultan* had truly lov'd her, *Mustapha*, for so was the young Prince call'd, inherited all his Father's Affection, and was brought up in the Royal Palace, as the presumptive Heir of one of the most vast Dominions of the World.

The Royal *Ottoman* Palace is always fill'd with the most agreeable Objects; *Tartary*, *Colchis*, and *Greece*, with other Provinces of *Europe* and *Asia*, furnish the *Bashaws* with means of making successfully their Court, by consecrating the various Rarities of those several Climates to their Master's unbounded Lust, and these young unhappy Victims are for ever confin'd in a particular *Sraglio*, without any other Employment, but their mutual Emulation of pleasing.

Tho' *Soliman* saw himself Possessor of a thousand precious Liberties, tho' thousand Beauties daily languish'd for his Favour, inconsolable for his late Loss, his Heart was shut to every other Idea, till *Roxelana*, a Native of *Turky*, beautiful beyond Thought,

but equally proud, daring, and ambitious, appear'd before him, and made a perfect Conquest of his Infensibility. The haughty Fair, no sooner saw herself Mistress of his Heart, but she aspired to an equal Share of his Secrets; her growing Favour join'd to her Skill in Policy, soon gain'd her Creatures at the Porte, and she neglected not preventing those in Power from carrying their Credit and Authority too far.

Every thing in the *Straglio* obey'd even her Nod with the profoundest Submission, and of all her Slaves, the *Sultan* was the greatest and most subservient. In five Years time, she gave him four Sons and a Daughter, *Mahomet*, *Selim*, *Bajazet*, *Zeangir*, and the *Sultaneſſ Cameria*, who all liv'd except her eldest born *Mahomet*. This beautiful Family spent their Infancy in the Delights of a profound Peace; *Soliman* distinguish'd *Mustapha* by Inclination and the Right of Birth. But the imperious *Roxelana*, unable to suffer these Advantages to an elder Brother of her own Children, swore his Destruction, and began to enter upon her bloody Purpose, by inspiring *Bajazet*, with a Hatred for *Mustapha*, no less unjust and inveterate than her own. A Similitude in Person and wicked Dispositions of Mind, already but too apparent in Prince *Bajazet*, had procured him a considerable Preference in her Affection, to *Selim* and *Zeangir*, and resolv'd at the Expehce of everything else

else to establish his Fortune, she already mark'd him for the Emperor's Successor. In short, the haughty, beautiful, dangerous *Roxelana* made herself a Law of being treacherous and cruel; her Artifice had already contributed to the Grand Vizier *Ibrahim*'s Death, because his Virtue render'd him formidable to her Designs, and she now promis'd herself as easy a Riddance of his Successor, *Acomat*, who walk'd in his Predecessor's Footsteps.

Prince *Mustapha* had no sooner enter'd upon the sixteenth Year of his Age, but the Emperor, charm'd with his good Qualities, and the Merit of his Person, contracted an advantageous Match for him with a beautiful young Princess, and made him Governour of the Province of *Amazia*. *Roxelana*, whose Beauty and Empire, notwithstanding a fifteen Years Commerce, were yet all powerful with the *Sultan*, with Joy consented to this Promotion, as it wou'd be a Means of removing *Mustapha* from a Father, whose Eyes were but too open to his Merit; the Prince retir'd to his Government, where he soon gain'd the universal Love of his People, by a thousand Proofs of Justice and Valour, appearing so exact and uncorrupt in the Administration of Affairs, as oblig'd his implacable Stepmother to renounce her present Designs upon his Person, and refer them to a more convenient Opportunity.

*Bajazet* and *Selim*, equally turbulent, felt

so great an Antipathy to each other, that they were eternally at Variance. Their Brother Zeangir on the contrary, was naturally mild and good-natur'd: Tho' born of *Roxelana*, his Soul averse to those Vices that appear'd so conspicuously in them, was allied to *Mustapha* by Virtue and Inclination. The young Prince had often express'd a Desire of visiting his Brother in his Government, and *Roxelana*, who not without considerable Regret, perceiv'd his growing Virtue, having obtain'd the *Sultan's* Consent to his Departure and given her's with Pleasure, Zeangir very willingly left a Court, where the most horrid Crimes were grown so frequent, and repair'd to *Amazia*, where he join'd with *Mustapha*, in the Management of Affairs, and the most perfect Friendship that ever-warm'd the Breast of Man. *Roxelana* ever active and mindful of her own particular Interest, oblig'd the Emperor to bestow his Daughter *Cameria* on *Bashaw Rustan*, a Creature intirely devoted to her Malice, and the fittest Person in the Empire for the Execution of her Designs; and this unexpected Mark of Favour engaged him to her for ever after.

As she had nothing more at Heart, than *Mustapha's* Destruction, and to see *Bajazet* on the Throne, she was eternally forming Projects for the Accomplishment of her Designs: Reason in vain oppos'd the Difficulty of destroying a Prince, ador'd by the whole *Ottos*.

man Empire, tenderly belov'd and yet more valued by his Father; cover'd with Glory, tho' in the Prime of Youth, whose every Action bespoke worthy of the Dignity he possess'd and the Royal Blood he sprung from, in short, a Prince intirely Stranger to those Vices which had so justly render'd *Bajazet* and even *Selim*, the Scorn and Hatred of the People; these Obstacles, however great, did not appear insurmountable, and she flatter'd herself that Fortune wou'd one Day or other present her with an Opportunity of effecting her Purpose. Her Empire was yet limited to the *Sultan*, overwhom she reign'd with all the arbitrary Power and Tyranny of Woman. Her Title of Slave wou'd not permit her interfering openly in Affairs of State.—but what is insuperable to the Wit and Artifice of that Sex! Prompted by Ambition, she resolv'd not only to obtain her Freedom, but even force the credulous *Soliman* to marry her, and debase his other glorious Titles, by joining to them that of Husband, a Name that was ever odious to the *Sultans*.

\* To effect this unexampled Enterprize, she cloak'd her Pride under the specious Veil of Religion, making the Muphty understand, by Means of her faithful Confident, *Rustan*, that she had a great Desire of building an Hospital for poor *Mahometans*, in Hopes that so

\* Baudeer's Hist. of Turkey.

charitable a Deed wou'd prove instrumental to the Salvation of her Soul. The Muphry answer'd, that being a Slave of the Emperor's, the Merit of the Action wou'd recoil intirely upon him. The artful Sultaness, tho' no Stranger to this Maxim of her Faith, affected a profound Melancholy at the Disappointment of her Hopes; and Saliman, after several Interrogatories, being appriz'd of the Cause of it, sway'd by the Attendant she had gain'd over him, freed her without Hesitation: *Roxelana* so enjoy'd at her Success, no sooner saw herself in this wished-for independent State, but she us'd the Power of her Charms with the greatest Tyranny, avoiding all private Commerce with the Emperor, under Pretence, that according to the strict Injunctions of a Religion he had hitherto follow'd with so much Reverence, he cou'd have no Power in that Respect over a Woman, that was Mistress of her Freedom. The Muphry being consulted, made Answer to the same Purpose; and *Saliman* inflam'd at so unexpected a Resistance, was soon after publickly married to her.

*Roxelana* being now rais'd to a Copartnership in the Empire, and absolute Mistress of the Sultan's Will, took upon her the Administration of Affairs, and soon made those that compos'd the Ottoman Court, feel the powerful Effects of her Hatred or Good-Will. Her Aversion for *Mustapha* increas'd with the Report of his Virtue, and her blind Tenderness

derness for *Bajazet* with the Knowledge of his Vices ; she even thought it her Duty to repair his too visible Defects, by the Possession of an Empire, and that a Dignity of that high Nature was alone capable of justifying her ill-grounded Preference. As for *Selim*, a blended Mixture of Vice and good Qualities compos'd his Character, and if he sympathized in any thing with *Bajazet*, 'twas only in their Desire of Reigning.

But while *Roxelana* triumph'd over the Emperor's Credulity, several considerable things had pass'd in *Asia*. The Sophy of *Perſia*, a sworn Enemy to the Ottoman Glory, had render'd himself formidable, by several successful Irruptions in their Territories. *Soliman* had often aspired to his Ruin; but the *Perſian* Valour had as often baffled his Desigus, and since the Death of the invincible *Ibrahim*, the Sophy had gain'd considerable Advantages; but at length the determin'd Courage of *Acomat* and *Mustapha* stop'd the Progress of his victorious Arms, and the Prince with admirable Conduct and Success often carried Fire and Sword into the very Bowels of his Kingdom. *Zeangir* assiduously follow'd him in his several Expeditions, and gave such frequent Proofs of Valour in several Occurrences, that *Mustapha* felt every Day an Increase of Tenderness and Esteem for this worthy Partner of his Friendship. Far from imitating *Bajazet* and *Selim* by Violence

lence and Cruelty, Softness and Clemency, follow'd the two victorious Princes where over they went, no Severity aggravated the Misfortunes of those, whom the Chance of War submitted to their Power, and their Reputation was no less famous among the *Persians*, than dear to the *Ottomans*. The spreading Fame of their glorious Exploits was an inexpressible Mortification to the envious *Roxelana*; her Thoughts were continually bent on *Mustapha's* Ruin, when Love and Fortune furnish'd her with the Means.

The two Princes having with their victorious Troops penetrated into the very Heart of *Persia*, *Zeangir* made himself Master of a Palace, wherein the Sophy's Children were generally brought up; but his Valour for being too successful was severely punish'd, and his new Conquest follow'd with the Loss of his Repose and afterwards his Life. *Perselia*, the Sophy's Daughter, was upon her Recovery from a considerable Indisposition. The bright resplendent Day shone with less glorious Lustre: Her Shape, her Air, her Features, her every Action, surpass'd even what Imagination can conceive most perfect: *Zeangir*, dazzled at the Sight of so many Charms, detested a Victory that had already prov'd so fatal to him; a thousand times in an Instant he curst the Rashness of his inconsiderate Valour, and perceiving in the Princess's Looks, a Surprise, mix'd with Fear and Languor, he threw away

away his Scymitar, and coming up towards her with a Submission more becoming a Slave than a Conqueror ; ‘ I know not, Madam,’ said the Prince, kneeling, and with a trembling Voice, whether you are known to Sophy *Tachmas* ; but I am confident, that to triumph over his most formidable Foes, he need only oppose you to their Efforts ; and for my Part, I shall esteem myself eternally unhappy to have profan'd with Blood and Violence, a Place which your Presence ought to have render'd sacred, and in the least contributed to the Disturbance of your Tranquillity. But alas ! how severely are you already revenged, and how inconsiderable are those Troubles, to those which threaten all the future Hours of Zeangir’s Life.’ The Princess, who was far from expecting such Respect from Men, whom she imagin’d the most savage Barbarians upon Earth, fix’d her fair Eyes upon the Prince, without any apparent Marks of Anger : And seeing he continued in the same humble Posture ; ‘ Rise, Sir, said she, and do not by this ignoble Submission, debase the Pride of the Ottoman Blood ; if *Tachmas* had been of my Temper, you wou’d not have had Room to shew us this Generosity, and War no longer desolate our Provinces ; but since the Fate of Arms has destin’d us your Captives, dispose of the unhappy Sophy’s Daughter as you please. How, Madam,

‘ are

Are you the Princess of *Persia*, interrupted  
*Zeangir*; then I am still more criminal and  
wretched; but I'll no longer hesitate on  
what I have to do; Honour, Reason, and  
something yet more powerful than either,  
command me to retire, and leave you to  
that Tranquillity and Peace which I must  
never hope for more. Your Generosity, Sir,  
reply'd *Perseolia*, not without Confusion, must  
not cost you so dear, and I flatter myself  
that Heaven is too just to punish your In-  
dulgence to us with so much Cruelty;  
however, if you carry away with you some  
Uneasiness for having been too successful, you  
will at least leave us a Remembrance full  
of Esteem and Gratitude for your uncom-  
monly generous Behaviour.' These Words,  
pronounc'd with a peculiar charming Grace,  
added new Force to *Zeangir's* growing Passi-  
on. His Heart cou'd not forbear murmuring  
against the hard Necessity of dragging himself  
from the Pleasure of gazing on the Princess.  
But resolving to signalize his Love by a Sacrifice  
of his Quiet, ' Madam, said he, to the Princess,  
forget I conjure you, if possible, the Alarms  
I have caus'd you: And do not hate a Man,  
who can no longer be an Enemy to *Tachmas*,  
since he's *Perseolia's* Slave.' The Prince ac-  
companied this Discourse, with an Air so sub-  
missive, and passionate, as did not a little  
touch the Sophy's Daughter. ' Go, Sir, re-  
turn'd the Princess, preserve these Senti-  
ments

ments of Peace, and be assur'd that *Perselia* will omit no Endeavours to oblige *Tachmas* to renounce his Enmity.' After this, she took her Leave of him, with all the Civility she thought due to a Prince of the Royal Ottoman Family, and *Zeangir* march'd with his Forces towards *Mustapha's* Camp, in a far different State of Mind than that where-with he had left it :

*Mustapha*, who waited his Arrival with Impatience, saw him return with inexpressible Pleasure, tho' it was soon dash'd by the Melancholy he observ'd in his Looks. ' What ails you, my dear Brother, said the Prince, embracing him, and whence can the Disorder I observe in you, proceed? ' *Zeangir* returning his Caresses, gave him an Account of his whole Adventure, and the Effect it already had produc'd. *Mustapha*, out of a tender Complacency for the young Prince's Passion, loudly appov'd it, tho' he well foresaw the fatal Difficulties that oppos'd its Succes, and seeing how far he was prepossess'd, promised to attempt every thing in his Behalf. Soon after they receiv'd Information that the Princess of *Persia*, attended with a strong Detachment of Persian Cavalry, had left *Mirza* to return to *Tauris*. Her Absence made *Zeangir* sigh, and increas'd his Melancholy. ' I am no more capable, wou'd he often say to his Brother, of incurring *Perselia's* Hatred by new Efforts against her's, nor will I

' to glut the implacable Sultan with Revenge,  
' fill those Eyes that have so powerfully charm'd  
' me, with fresh Tears. The Season is favourable  
to our Retreat, reply'd *Mustapha*, and  
therefore since we can make it without Shame  
or Fear of being accus'd of Treason, let us  
return to *Amazia*. Oh *Mustapha*, cry'd the  
amorous *Zeangir*, I cannot leave *Persia* till  
I am better inform'd of my Doom; and  
' tis now your Friendship must shew its Indul-  
gence to me. Well-then, return'd *Mustapha*,  
however great be the Danger, I'll follow you  
to *Tauris*. No, reply'd *Zeangir*, I will not  
put your Friendship to such a Tryal; you  
owe yourself to an Army, that might suffer  
from your Absence: Therefore permit me  
to go alone to those Places, which my *Per-*  
*selia's* Presence makes me so desirous of see-  
ing: I am not known there, perhaps I shall  
not be happy enough to make a long Stay,  
and if Love prove but favourable to my  
Wishes, assure yourself that I need fear no  
Danger.' *Mustapha* in vain oppos'd the  
Resolution: And being oblig'd to yield to  
the Prince's Importunity, he march'd the  
*Ottoman Forces* into Winter Quarters; see-  
ing the Sophy had already sent his Troops to  
their own.

In the mean time, the passionate *Zeangir*,  
accompanied with only *Iduf*, the Confi-  
dent of his Secrets, took the Road to *Tau-  
ris*, habited a like *Persian* of Distinction. One  
may

may justly say that he was not guided by Prudence; but rather that he march'd under the Conduct of a more blind imperious Deity, without the least Assurance of Success; less enlightned by Reason than young *Mehemet* the Sophy's Second Son, by his Eyes, he follow'd the Dictates of his tumultuous Transports, without reflecting on the Difficulty of his Enterprize; the impetuous Speed of his Horses, to him appear'd uncommonly slow, and he soon saw the lofty Towers of *Tauris*, whose magnificent Pyramids hid their proud Summits among the Clouds. The Difficulty of gaining Admittance to the Sophy's Court, was by far less great than to the Sultan's *Seragilo*; the least Acquaintance or Liberality being sufficient for Introduction. *Zean-gir*'s Person was form'd of a manner as might even every where command particular Marks of Distinction; and having never been seen but at the taking of *Mirza*, by some *Perians*, who in the Disorder of their Defeat cou'd not be suppos'd to have preserv'd any perfect Idea of him, he boldly enter'd *Tauris*, and soon after repair'd to the Palace, being well vers'd in the *Persian* Tongue. The Sophy and his two Sons were at the Mosque; *Zean-gir*, hurried on by his Passion, enquir'd after the Princess: the Person he address'd himself to, was an Officer of the Sophy's Household, courteous as a Man of Quality ought to be, and naturally very obliging. He answer'd

the

the Prince, that after having run several dangerous Hazards at *Mirza*, she was at length return'd to *Tauris*, but plung'd in so deep a Melancholy, as render'd her inaccessible to any but those of the Royal Family. *Zeangir*, ingenious in tormenting himself, presently imagin'd that her Melancholy was a consequent Effect of the Indisposition which had oblig'd her to leave *Tauris*, and was sorry to have been the Cause of her Return thither. As there was something nobly great and very engaging in *Zeangir's* whole Person, the Persian Officer, to whom he was speaking, at first sight conceiv'd no small Esteem of him. The Prince, who perceiv'd it by his uncommon Civility, took Care to insinuate himself yet farther in his Favour, and told him, that being desirous of visiting the Sophy's Court, amidst his other Travels, he had had the Satisfaction of seeing it all, except the Princess. *Alizan*, willing to oblige him, answer'd, that he wou'd easily procure him that Pleasure, if when the Sun began to decline, he wou'd repair to a certain Place in the Queen's Garden, which he wou'd now shew him. The young Sultan followed the courteous *Alizan*, who led him to a most charming Part of the Garden, where he told him, at the time appointed, to wait the Princess's Coming, that he might, if he pleas'd, walk about till then, and as he was a Stranger, answer, that the Beauty of the Place had alone brought him there, in case any Questions  
or

Questions shou'd be as'k'd him about it. Zeangir return'd the Persian Thanks, and they parted till the time of Perselia's walking. Those wished-for Moments which had put the Prince's Patience upon the Rack, at length arrived. Soliman's Son return'd to the Garden. Perselia appear'd, and with her all the Graces. The different Emotions he felt at Sight of the charming Object of his Wishes, are better imagin'd than express'd. Beyond his Hopes, the Princess sat down with Alinda, her Confident, in a dark shady Grotto. Zeangir immediately drew up to a Place, where he might unseen behold her, and gaz'd on her with Eyes of Love and Admiration: Perselia's, on the contrary, were full of Languor, and a remarkable Negligence appear'd in her Dress: But this, without taking any thing from those thousand different Charms she held of Nature, only rendred her more irresistibly beautiful and dangerous. 'Alinda, said the Princess, after they were sat down, didst thou well observe the Sophy, when he mention'd his Disposition to a Peace with the Ottoman's. Tir'd with the Effusion of so much innocent Blood, troubled with no ill-grounded Fears, to see his Enemies in a Capacity of extending their Conquests to Tauris, I am positive he wou'd consent to one with Pleasure, if Soliman cou'd be prevail'd on to propose it. Alas! we then shou'd be free from all Alarms, and spend our future Days in the calm Pleasures of

Tranquillity and Peace. But, Madam, return'd *Alinda*, can you rank in the Number of your Enemies, that young Prince, who shew'd you so much Submission and Generosity at *Mirza*, and without Fear of *Soliman's* absolute and severe Authority, dispos'd of your Beauty, in Favour of itself. The Disorder which then appear'd in his Looks, was mixt with so much Tenderness, such Apprehension of offending; that one may easily conclude, that all the Sultan's Blood is not animated with the same Spirit of Revenge against the Sophy's. And what wouldest thou infer, added the Princess, from this Difference of Sentiments, in the *Ottoman Family*. That Prince *Zeangir* adores you, return'd *Alinda*. Alas, interrupted the Princess, that were to make us both superlatively wretched; what Advantage cou'd he expect from such a Passion, but to ruin his Quiet, and my Repose. No he can ne'er be destin'd to so great a Misfortune, nor I exposed to so much Sorrow. But, Madam, pursued *Alinda*, is it possible that, with the Penetration you are Mistress of, you cou'd have been Witness of his Words and Actions, without diving into their true Cause? Oh *Alinda*, added the Princess, how happy wou'd it sometimes prove, to be stupid and blind like my two Brothers, *Ismael* and *Mehemet*. My Eyes alas are but too good, my Soul but too susceptible!

During this Conversation, *Zeangir* was agitated beyond Imagination; Extatick Joy fill'd his

his transported Soul; the Princess had taken Notice of his Passion, remembered it without Anger, and in all Probability thought of it with Pleasure. Hurried on by a Crowd of tumultuous Desires, he was just entring the Grotto, when *Perselia* left it, and directed her Walk towards the Place where he stood. The Difference of Habit had made no Altercation in the Prince. *Perselia* sufficiently preserv'd the Idea of his Person, to remember it. The Surprize it gave her, troubled all her Senses, and without the Help of *Alinda*, she had not been able to support herself. *Zeangir*, perceiving her Emotion, trembled with fear of having displeas'd her, and advanc'd towards her with all the Bashfulness of a young Lover.

' Madam, said he, kneeling to *Perselia*, I conjure you not to be angry with a Wretch, who cou'd not absent himself from you, perhaps for ever, without assuring you once more, that no Passion however great or violent, ever equall'd his. My Presence at *Tauris* cannot give you any Fear —  
' Alas, I come not here to conquer —  
' Pity, for long and cruel Sufferings, is all I ask.' The Prince wou'd have said more, but *Perselia*, who had Time to recover herself, interrupted him. ' My Lord, said she, you cannot doubt but your Presence equal-  
ly surprizes and afflicts me; 'tis not that I have lost the Memory of your late generous Behaviour, but you are sufficiently ac-

‘ quainted with our Laws, and the Duties to  
‘ which the Condition of our Sex subjects us,  
‘ not to know that even a Sight of Men, and  
‘ especially such as you, is strictly prohibited  
‘ us, and that we dare not suffer it, without  
‘ exposing ourselves to Shame and Sorrow.  
‘ Besides, Sir, your Person is not safe at *Tauris*,  
‘ and I shou’d perhaps see you with less  
‘ Repugnance arm’d, than now you are un-  
‘ provided for Defence. What has *Zeangir* to  
‘ fear from the Severity of *Tackmas*, cry’d the  
‘ young Prince, if *Perselia* designs to look on  
‘ him without Horror or Disdain? The Fear  
‘ of Death gives me no Apprehension, but  
‘ that of your Hatred, Tortures beyond Ex-  
‘ pression. Hatred, reply’d the Princess, sel-  
‘ dom finds Room in grateful Souls, and ’tis  
‘ not that, my Lord, you need apprehend; I  
‘ shou’d see you with Pleasure, cou’d I do it  
‘ without Danger; but since Decorum and  
‘ the Enmity of our Families forbids us any  
‘ mutual Intelligence, go, *Zeangir*, and retire  
‘ to *Turky*. What must I there do, re-  
‘ ply’d the Prince, but languish and despair?  
‘ Strive to procure a Peace, added *Perselia*,  
‘ with an Air of Tenderness, between the two  
‘ contending Monarchs: If that were once  
‘ happily settled’ — As she was going on,  
the Sophy appear’d at a Distance, and *Zeangir*  
was oblig’d not only to leave the Garden, but  
even *Tauris*, by the Princess’s Command, who  
in parting saluted him with an Air full of  
Kindness and Civility.

The

The afflicted *Zeangir*, in Obedience to *Perselia's* Will departed, carrying away with him, from this second Interview, a fresh Increase of Love, and Thoughts, which fluctuated betwixt Hope and Despair ; the Princess appear'd favourably dispos'd to a Peace : He had gather'd from her Conversation with *A-linda*, that *Tachmas* might easily be brought to consent to one, and there was nothing but he cou'd expect from *Mustapha's* sincere Friendship for him ; but that Prince, as well as himself, were dependant on an absolute Power, and had besides the Torrent of an ambitious Stepmother's Envy and Hatred, to stem. The Destiny of most part of the Princes of his Blood, presented him with sad and dreadful Objects. With these melancholly Ideas he arrived to *Mustapha's* Quarters, whom he inform'd of the Success of his Journey : The Prince appear'd extreamly well pleas'd with the Sophy's Dispositions to a Peace ; and resolv'd to prevent him artfully on that Head, without acquainting *Soliman*, his Friendship for *Zeangir* being capable of engaging him in the most difficult Enterprizes.

Of all those *Turks*, who were more than ordinarily attach'd to *Mustapha*, *Achmet* was the most assiduous, but the less faithful ; yet this Man had had the Care of the Prince's Infancy, and was by him trusted with his most Secret Affairs : however, thro' a tender generous Precaution, *Mustapha* resolv'd not to expose

*Zeangir* to *Achmet's* Discretion, tho' he had no Reason to suspect it; for tho' he deputed him with Propositions of Peace to *Tachmas*, and to demand his Daughter *Perseolia* in Marriage for one of *Soliman's* Son's, yet in the Letters and Orders he gave him, every Thing appear'd in his own Name.

The treacherous sordid *Achmet* had not resisted *Roxelana's* and *Rustan's* repeated Benefits; dearly he sold *Mustapha's* Secrets; and that he now saw himself Master of, being more important than the rest, he founded thereon great Hopes of considerable Gain: Instead of going to *Tauris*, he took a quite different Road, and dispatch'd a Messenger to the Sultaness with the Prince's Letters. At his Return, he told his Master, that *Tachmas* had only laugh'd at his Presumption, and was to send Word of it to *Soliman*, to let him understand into what faithful Hands he trusted the principal Forces of the Empire. This unexpected Answer surpriz'd *Mustapha*, but afflicted him more. His Reason had often told him that he was doom'd to fall a Sacrifice to *Roxelana's* Artifice; and not doubting but he had now sign'd his own Death, he charg'd the Traytor *Achmet* to keep this Disappointment Secret to *Zeangir*, and only tell him that the Sophy had ask'd some time to determine on an Answer.

In the mean time, the unfortunate Letter's which the detestable *Achmet* had remitted to

the

the Sultaness, produc'd terrible Effects at Constantinople. The Sultan had no sooner read them, but he gave all imaginable Tokens of Distraction, threatening no less than Death and Ruin to *Mustapha*, *Tachmas*, and all *Persia*. *Roxelana*, to heighten his Resentment, persuaded him, that *Mustapha* had courted the Sophy's Alliance, with no other View, than to deprive him of his Throne and Life ; and this Thought took such deep Root in his credulous Breast, that all the Tyes and Rights of Nature vanish'd before it. He order'd the Forces of the whole Empire to be rais'd, and tho' he bent under the Weight of Years, and ought to have been sated with Glory, he put himself at the Head of a formidable Army, with which, and his dear *Roxelana*, who had no Mind to leave him to himself at this critical Juncture, he travers'd *Asia*, where his Arms proving as successful as in his Days of Youth, he perform'd several Actions which deserv'd a better Cause. \* *Soliman*, who knew by Experience that *Tachmas* wanted neither Power nor Courage to oppose the Progress of his Arms, wou'd not advance further than *Syria*: But desirous of having the Princess of *Persia* in his Power, he promis'd *Rustan* every thing in Case he cou'd make him Master of that dangerous Beauty. *Roxelana's* Agent warred neither Resolution nor Cunning for unjust or

rash Enterprizes. He repair'd to *Tauris*, and by a Stratagem, worthy *Soliman's* Choice of him, brought away *Perselia* from her Father's Court, filling the Sultan with inexpressible Joy at the happy Success of his Crime. The haughty Sultaness, fearing lest those prodigious Charms which Fame attributed to *Perselia*, might excite *Soliman's* Curiosity, and supplant her in his Affection, prevail'd on him not to see the Princess, and order'd her to be closely guarded in a particular Tent: But notwithstanding all *Rustan's* Precautions, for that Purpose, *Bajazet* however, either by Design or Chance, saw, and at first Sight conceived a violent Passion for her. The Discovery of a Torment, to which he had hitherto been a Stranger, was immediately follow'd with a Reflection on the most proper Means to remedy it; to effect which, without Regard or Fear of *Roxelana*, he put every thing in Practice, Prayers, Threats, and Bribes to molest the fair *Perselia* with a new Kind of Persecution.

Fame had now too well inform'd *Zeangir*, that *Mustapha* was accus'd of being of Intelligence with *Tachmas*; and the two Princes being cited to appear before *Soliman*, *Zeangir*, who knew that the Crime laid to his Brother's Charge was in Effect his own, resolv'd openly to declare his Passion for *Perselia*. At their Arrival, the People, who generally ador'd *Mustapha*, shouted the dear Name with universal Acclamations.

Acclamations. The haughty Sultaness, hearing these hated Clamours of Joy, redden'd with Rage, and the Sultan was so incens'd, that he not only refus'd to see the Prince, but also order'd him to close Custody. Zeangir indeed remain'd in Appearance free; but alas, how extreamly wretched was the Situation of his Mind: He saw his Mistress, whom he lov'd with the most violent Transports, and his generous Brother, who was a thousand times dearer than his Life, both subjected to the Power of an implacable Prince, and barbarous Queen, and incessantly accus'd himself, as the only Author of their Misfortunes. The Sultan receiv'd him with a stern Air of Severity, but *Roxelana* with so much Pride, and Indignity, that he detested the Birth she had given him. ‘ You have favour'd *Mustapha*’s Passion, said she, to the Prince, when they were in private, and ’twas no doubt for that vile unworthy Employment, you appear'd so desirous of residing at *Amazia*. Neither in my Commerce with *Mustapha*, Madam, reply'd the Prince, nor in my Friendship for him, nor in my whole Conduct, have I done any thing to offend my Father’s Majesty, or your’s: *Mustapha*, to whom you impute an already prescrib’d Passion, is truly innocent, and you cannot be ignorant of his Love and Constancy to his Wife *Cameria*. We are yet as ignorant of his Intrigues, return’d the Sultaness, as most of his secret Transactions with

our Enemies ; but what we know of his Treason, shall be severely punish'd ; Soliman's Safety demands a Life which incessantly threatens his own — How Madam, interrupted Zeangir, do you thus condemn the greatest, best, and most illustrious Prince, that e'er the Royal Ottoman Family cou'd boast of ; and when every Heart declares it self in Favour of his Virtue, can your's alone appear untouched ? Unworthy Boy, reply'd the Sultaness, vile and besotted Slave to thy bold impious Brother ; has Roxelana's Off-spring then nor Merit, Glory, nor good Qualities ; and must the Advantage of Eldership be an Addition to a Man, whom my Hatred has long since proscrib'd, who is sufficiently odious since he displeases me, and criminal enough, to dare without regard to his Father, conceive a Passion for the Daughter of his most inveterate Enemy ? Oh, do not wrong his Truth, return'd the Prince, such Crimes are Strangers to his Virtues ; 'tis for my sake alone that he courted the Sophy's Alliance : 'tis Zeangir only who loves and must for ever love Perselia, and that Prince whom you so unjustly persecute, clearly demonstrates the Greatness of his Soul, by preserving my Secret with the Hazard of his Life. Poor weak Evasion, pursued the Sultaness ; but Zeangir, thy Artifice will be to no Purpose : Do not expose thy self to a Father's Indignation, by professing a Passion which he approves

approves: And consider that a Friend to  
*Tachmas* and *Perselia's* Lover, can be but an  
Object of Hatred and Horror to *Soliman*.

But while the Sultaness and her Son were thus engag'd in Conversation, *Soliman* had privately sent for *Mustapha*; and the Sight of this belov'd Prince, recall'd all the Father in his Soul; *Mustapha* listen'd without Interruption to his first Reproaches; and then with a manly Boldness, such as is always inseparable from Truth, confess'd his having wrote to *Tachmas* of Peace, without the Knowledge of his Highness; he afterwards represented to him the Advantages that would accrue to the Kingdom in general, from an Alliance with *Persia*, reveal'd the Secret of *Zeangir's* Love for *Perselia*, and conluded, with assuring him, that in what he had done, he had only the general Good of the People, who were already tir'd with War, and the Happiness of his Brother in View. While the Prince was thus speaking, *Morat*, one of the Sultan's Favourites, and who next to *Rustan* had the freest Access to his Person, sent to ask leave to confer with him on Affairs of Consequence in private. *Mustapha* was order'd back to his Tent, and then *Morat* inform'd the Sultan, that *Bajazet* was fall'n in Love with *Perselia*, and left no Stone unturn'd to gain Admittance to her. *Bajazet's* immoderate Pride and Ambition were no less formidable to *Soliman*, than *Mustapha's* and *Zeangir's* Virtues; a thousand different

different Thoughts, all equally perplexing and terrible, crowded at once into his Memory ; he recall'd to Mind the most horrid Occurrences in the Ottoman Empire for several Ages past ; the Murders and Parricides committed under the Reigns of his Predecessors, the little Faith and Humanity that reign'd among the Ottomans : In short, Reason, debilitated by Age, so pow'rfully confirm'd his Fears, that nothing was exempt from his Suspicions : *Roxelana's* Presence cou'd not remove the Agitations of his Mind. ‘ Madam, said he, to her with a ‘ wild disorder'd Air, you see me perhaps on ‘ the Point of Ruin, and the Sophy's Daughter ‘ has but too well reveng'd him on his Enemies. ‘ *Bajazet* and *Zeangir* are Rivals : We have all ‘ to Fear from the first, and must be on our ‘ Guard, against the other. *Mustapha* I have ‘ already seen, and nothing speaks to me a- ‘ gainst him : His Weakness is an Effect of ‘ his Friendship to *Zeangir*. And 'tis on his Ac- ‘ count alone, that he has courted the Sophy's ‘ Alliance. *Bajazet* your Darling *Bajazet* is ‘ the only Criminal, presuming on your Indul- ‘ gence, he bribes *Perselia's* Guards, to gain ‘ Admittance to her, and impudently triumphs ‘ over your Credulity, while *Rustan* strives ‘ to incense me only against *Mustapha*. I ‘ am too sensible, reply'd the dissembling ‘ Sultaness, of the Uneasiness my Children ‘ give your Highness, and at the same time, ‘ survey your Son with all the Admiration that

that is due to his exemplary Virtue. Your  
Chiefs and Soldiers only speak of him, and  
with repeated Shouts testify their unanimous  
Approbation of so worthy a Successor of  
your Throne. Oh, Madam, cry'd the  
Sultan, with a Sigh, if *Mustapha's* Impati-  
ence answer'd their Zeal, soon shou'd I find  
my self in the Number of those Fathers,  
whom old Age rendering despicable, fall a  
Sacrifice to the Ambition of their Children.  
I cannot think that *Mustapha* wou'd wrong  
you, return'd the Sultaness; but yet my  
Passion for your Highness fills me with in-  
cessant Apprehensions: His hitherto pro-  
found Respect and Virtue may vanish be-  
fore the more prevailing Power of Ambi-  
tion. Then, who to my perhaps Prophetick  
Fears, and Tenderness, alarm'd, shall answer  
for thy Safety? and that *Mustapha* will al-  
ways be the same? Oh *Roxelana*, cry'd the  
Sultan, what Disorder, what Tumult have  
you rais'd in my distracted Soul; let  
*Mustapha* be more closely confin'd than ever,  
*Perselia's* Guard doubled, *Bajazet* and  
*Zeangir* narrowly watch'd, and give such  
necessary Orders, such publick Proofs of  
my Authority, that no one may dare offer  
to controul it.

*Roxelana*, having thus successfully inti-  
midated her Husband, retir'd to put his Com-  
mands in Execution, and *Rustan* receiv'd  
them with no small Pleasure. ' Well then,'  
said

laid she, to that faithful Agent of her Malice, at length we triumph! Soliman trembles with Fear of impending Ruin, and we have now perfected Mustapha's long-wished-for Destruction. Our only remaining Obstacle is Zeangir; but he loves Perselia, and we must amuse him by that pow'rful Interest, while I endeavour to remove Bajazer's most unseasonable Passion: If one of the two must incur the Sultan's Displeasure, I had much rather twere Zeangir, than him to whom my Fondness has destin'd the Throne, and whatever be the Consequences, I shall be satisfy'd, provided Bajazer reigns. The treacherous Rustan made the Sultaness new Vows of Faith and Cruelty, and while by his Direction, Mustapha and Perselia's Guards were doubled, he went to seek Zeangir, whom he found full of Grief at the Sultan's new Severity. How, my Lord, said he to the desponding Prince, is it possible you shou'd be thus buried in a profound Melancholy, so near the Sultan Queen, who loves you, and Persons who have some Credit, and are intirely devoted to your Interest? However hateful the Sight of Rustan was to the young Prince, yet cou'd he not without Breach of good Manners, fly from a Man who, besides the considerable Rank he held in the Empire, was his Sister's Husband. My Favour with the Sultaness, reply'd Zeangir, and those other Persons that cou'd be useful

ful to me, is very inconsiderable; and since my Passion for *Perselia* is at present as well known as my Friendship for *Mustapha*, I will not pretend to conceal, that they alone are the two Causes of my Melancholy. The Prince, return'd *Rustan*, is in no great Danger; the Emperor's Fondness will always protect him, against the most criminal Appearances, and the Precautions he takes for his own Safety, have no Reason to alarm you: But my Lord, my Passion for your Sister, engages me to favour your's, without Fear of the Emperor's or the Sultan Queen's Resentment. *Bajazet* is your Rival; he puts every thing in Practice to gain Admittance to the Captive Princess: However, he can obtain nothing there, but with my leave; 'tis for you alone, my Lord, I will employ my Power: And if you please, you may without the least Difficulty be admitted to *Perselia*'s Tent. Oh *Rustan*, cry'd *Zeangir*, transported with Joy at the Offer, to what transcendent Happiness wou'd this never to be repaid Obligation raise me! Enough, interrupted *Rustan*, the Night comes on apace, be discreet only, and follow me. Love, as *Rustan* had well conjectur'd, proved all-powerful in this Occasion. *Zeangir* only listen'd to the impetuous Dictates of his Wishes; his past Misfortunes vanish'd before the transporting Thought of seeing *Perselia*, and his Passion for her wou'd not then admit of any other Consideration.

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The Captive Princess, that had been so cruelly hurried away from her Palace, knew not at first whom she ought to accuse with this Violence, and her Thoughts perhaps did Injustice to *Zeangir's* Respect; but when she arriv'd at the Sultan's Camp, and heard of *Mustapha's* Disgrace, she was soon convinc'd the Princes were not guilty. The Remembrance she preserv'd of *Zeangir* was not so slight, but it employ'd almost every Hour of her Life. *Soliman's* Anger made her sometimes tremble for the Prince's Safety, and being ignorant, that *Mustapha* had been suspect-ed on her Account, because that his Letters never reach'd *Tachmas*, she imagin'd that the Sultan's Resentment proceeded only from the too generous Treatment she had receiv'd at *Mirza*. Their common Misfortunes were often the Subject of their Conversation with *Alinda*, and she was then talking to her, when a little Noise she heard at the Entrance of her Tent, oblig'd her to turn her Head of that Side, and she perceiv'd a Man coming in, whom at first she took for *Bajazet*, who e'er her Guard was changed and doubled, had often importun'd her with his odious Passion; but a Moment after her Eyes undeceiv'd her, and she saw *Zeangir*, at her Feet, before she had time to prevent it; notwithstanding her present Distress, the Sight of the belov'd Prince fill'd her tender Soul with an agreeable Dis-order: *Zeangir*, on the contrary, appear'd over

overwhelm'd with Grief, Rage, Indignation, Pity, and Despair follow'd the cruel Reflexion of *Perselia's* fall'n Condition and Captivity. The Sentiments of his Soul were too apparent in his Looks, to escape the sympathizing Princess; she sigh'd, and *Zeangir* (whom *Rustan*, to affect an entire Complaint, had not offer'd to follow) assuming the Discourse, ‘ Oh *Perselia*, said the Prince, ‘ sighing in his Turn, do I behold you Captive in my Father's Tents, and must the Wretch that has dedicated to your Service, the Remnants of his unhappy Life, to his eternal Shame and Sorrow, want the Power of tearing you from those Enemies, whom Artifice and Treason have render'd Master's of your Person. Alas! how can I bear the Light that shines on this Injustice? 'Tis not the fear of Death, or *Soliman's* Resentment, that awes my Resolution: *Perselia's* Wrongs are all my own; the Emperor, the Sultaness, and their vile Herd of Flatterers, cannot be Foes to her, without also being Enemies to *Zeangir*: But what can that weak, deplorable *Zeangir* over an incorruptible Army, who in the Loss of their dear *Mustapha*, lose the greatest Part of their Zeal and Confidence in me.’ The Prince spoke with so passionate, so moving a Vehemence, that *Perselia* forgot her own, and only felt his Sorrows. ‘ My Lord, reply'd the Princess, your too great Concern

for my Misfortunes does not a little add to what I suffer; believe me, Prince, Soliman's Injustice will never lessen my Gratitude to you; 'tis fix'd and rooted in my Heart; my present Disgrace is not my only Affliction; and after what you have so generously done for me, I need not blush to own, that your Interest touches *Perselia* a thousand times more than any Fear of what can befall her. But tell me, Sir, what is your Condition at the Sultan's Court? what will become of *Mustapha*? what says the Sultan Queen? who are your Friends? what may you fear, and what have you to hope? *Mustapha*, return'd the Prince, is Prisoner at *Roxelana*'s Mercy, who only breaths his Ruin. Friends he has none, and the least treacherous are always sufficiently so to be suspected. To her Indulgence I owe the Freedom I enjoy, and by *Rustan*'s Assistance have attain'd to the unutterable Joy of seeing *Perselia*, of gazing on her Charms, of assuring her, that as my Passion engrosses all—Alas! my Lord, hastily interrupted the Princess, how unseasonable at present are the Thoughts of Love—but tell me, is it *Rustan* that has procur'd you this Interview; *Rustan*, the curst Author of my Captivity, *Rustan* so devoted to *Roxelana*, and so little capable of any good Action? Oh Prince, fear every thing from his known Malice; his plotting Brain is fruitful of Invention;

' Invention ; his Favours are infected, his Inclinations treacherous, his Designs criminal ; and my foreboding Soul, in this Excess of Complaisance, suspects some lurking Artifice behind. Well, Madam, answer'd the Prince, be *Rustan* yet a greater Villain than you imagine, be certain Death the Consequence of his treacherous Stratagem, compar'd to the unutterable Pleasure he procures me, it will but poorly recompence his Villany. *Zeangir*, continued the Prince, be not, I conjure you, blind to your own Dangers : And in these Wild, these frantick Transports of your Soul, consider that on *Rustan's* Conduct, depends more than one Life; a Life that's dear to you; and if you cannot fear for your self, at least remember *Mustapha* and me. Oh Heavens, cry'd the passionate *Zeangir*, shall I no more enjoy one Moment's Peace, and must such terrible Ideas cruelly break in, and interrupt my present Happiness.' After this the Prince was inform'd, that *Mustapha's* Letters had never reach'd *Tachmas*, and convinc'd how basely *Achmet* had betray'd them. *Perselia* made no Mystery to him of *Bajazet's* Persecutions ; and if the Knowledge of his little Merit gave *Zeangir* no Jealousy, the Experience of his savage Fierceness and Brutality fill'd him, however, with unspeakable Terror and Apprehension. But while in *Perselia's* Company he was insensibly forgetting all past Misfortunes, *Rustan*

H call'd

call'd him away, with a Promise, however, of procuring him the same Happiness another time. *Zeangir* took not the least Notice of his Suspicion of him, but even confidently spoke to him of *Bajazet's* Passion: But the Vizier assur'd him he had nothing to apprehend from that Prince, *Roxelana's* Displeasure at it being an eternal Obstacle to his amorous Pretensions.

*Zeangir* retired to indulge himself in the ravishing Hope of *Perselia's* being favourably inclin'd to his Passion, while *Rustan* left him to give *Roxelana* an Account of what had past. *Bajazet's* unseasonable Love gave her no small Uneasiness. After her Design on *Mustapha's* Life, she had no greater or more important Interest, and her haughty Soul often sigh'd at it in private. *Perselia*, the dangerous beautiful *Perselia*, whose fatal Charms, after a perfect Conquest of *Zeangir*, had subjected to their Sway the fierce ambitious *Bajazet*, succeeding Transports of Rage proscrib'd a Victim to her Fury. Her next Care was to send for *Bajazet*, whom, with severe Reproaches for his Effeminacy, she strictly enjoin'd never more to see the *Sophy's* Daughter; and *Soliman* spoke to him in the same positive and arbitrary Manner; but their Threats only serv'd to inflame his Passion and incense his Vanity; and thus the Ottoman Royal Family saw itself divided between Love and Fury.

As to *Mustapha*, ever since his Departure from *Amazia*, he had dispos'd himself to dye. *Roxelana* was too well known to him, to expect the least Moderation of her Hatred; and if the Remembrance of a dear Wife and Child shock'd his Constancy, Reason immediately told him, that he was only born to dye, that his ambitious Step-mother's Rage cou'd only hasten a few Years sooner the Effect of that absolute Necessity, and that a Man of Courage ought always to prefer Death to the uncertain Expectation of a Life grown burthensome with Age, and full of Trouble. His greatest Concern was to be depriv'd of the Pleasure of seeing *Zeangir*; and as he knew *Perselia* to be a Captive, he doubted not but the Prince's Passion expos'd him to a thousand Dangers. *Soliman* incessantly fluctuated in a Sea of Doubts and Fears, which *Roxelana* and *Rustan*, who knew his Weakness, took no small Care to heighten. The Sultaness continually exaggerated how far the Army's Love and the Affection of the Janizaries to *Mustapha* render'd him formidable, and by her Direction, a false Report was artfully spread, of a general Rising in the Province of *Amazia* in Favour of that unhappy Prince. All *Soliman's* Tenderness for his Son sunk under these terrible Ideas: The Thoughts of being depos'd from his Throne, in his Old Age, exacted the most barbarous Precautions; his troubled Imagination represented to him the

Impatience of Children for their Father's Death, in Expectation of the Crown, with all its horrid aggravating Circumstances; and his Apprehension on that Head was the greater, as himself perhaps had not been exempt from such interested Wishes. ' *Mustapha or I must fall,* said he to *Rustan* and *Roxelana*: ' My Fate depends on his; and tho' he were entirely free from Ambition, he is sufficiently beloved to occasion fatal Revolutions. Old Age generally exposes Sovereigns to their People's Scorn, especially among the Turks. And tho' the Weight of Years has not in the least lessen'd my Courage, or render'd me unfit for Government, yet my Son's Youth and Virtue offer my inconstant Subjects a more worthy Object of Obedience and Fidelity. *Mustapha's* beautiful Qualities, which were once the Happiness of my Life, are now become its Torment; let him dye or live, I must be still unhappy; if I lose my Crown, how deplorable will be my Condition; and if I sacrifice my Son to a perhaps ill-grounded Suspicion, how great will be my Guilt, how unexampled my Barbarity? My Death will be the certain Consequence of his. Oh *Soliman*, cry'd the dissembling Sultaness, to dissipate this Shadow of Paternal Love, do not distract me with that Thought, but by *Mustapha's*, assure your own far more precious Life. Still let him live, tho' our Destruction, and your fall from Empire, follow that necessary Indulgence.

No,  
Madam,

‘ Madam, interrupted the Sultan, fir’d to her  
‘ Wish, you shall not see so inglorious a  
‘ Change in my Condition, nor will I tame-  
‘ ly wait the Tortures of a lingring Death,  
‘ dependant on my Son’s Vanity and Pleasure,  
‘ Go *Rustan* — and while I yet have Power  
‘ to bid you assure my Life and Glory  
‘ by his Death — dispatch precipitate this  
‘ necessary Crime, and while you execute my  
‘ bloody Orders, let me mourn the curst  
‘ Necessity to which I am reduced.’ The  
transported *Roxelana* made Sign to *Rustan* to  
retire, and staid with the Sultan, under Pre-  
tence of calming his Sorrow, but in Effect  
to exasperate him the more, and prevent any  
Return of Tenderness.

The careful *Rustan* took all the necessary  
Precautions for the Execution of his Orders.  
He had promised *Zeangir* a second Interview  
with *Perselia*; and, to amuse him at this  
critical Juncture, he attended him to her  
Tent, assuring him, that the Emperor begin-  
ning to relent, had resolved to pardon *Mus-  
tapha*, and conclude Peace with *Tachmas*.  
These Assurances, tho’ they came from a sus-  
picious Person, were too agreeable to *Zeangir*’s Wishes, not to meet with some Belief.  
‘ Madam, said he, accosting the Princess of  
*Persia*, ‘ I see you now with greater Satis-  
faction than ever, since *Soliman* is resolved  
on Peace, and *Roxelana*’s Rigour is ap-  
peased. Would to Heaven, My Lord, re-  
plied *Perselia*, that this apparent Calm

‘ forebodes no coming Storm ; and that *Rustan*, under these Appearances of Moderation, conceal not some villainous Design. ‘ Alas, Madam, pursu’d the Prince, my Fears are not inferior to your’s ; but suffer an unhappy Wretch to breath one Moment’s calm Tranquillity at your Feet, and urge your Pity to his Excess of Love. My Lord, replied the Princess, ‘ if that alone could conduce to your Happiness, it would not long be wanting ; but how can you admit a Thought of Love, when Danger assails us on every Side ; the uncommon Agitation of my Heart, and my late frightful Dreams, assure me of some great Misfortune nigh, and I cannot forbear thinking, that this Interview, however innocent, will be our last : Tho’ I look on you without Repugnance, and perhaps with Pleasure, to my foreboding Thoughts we seem surrounded with Horror ; my Soul, naturally firm, is fill’d with the most frightful Terrors, and my Heart heaves with strange unusual Sorrow. ‘ Oh, *Tachmas*, pursued the Princess, with Tears, and raising her Eyes to Heaven, ‘ Oh ‘ Soliman, how dearly does your mutual Hatred cost me ?

While *Zeangir* and *Perselia* were thus engaged, *Rustan*, follow’d by four Mutes, the common Ministers of the Sultan’s Vengeance, enter’d *Mustapha*’s Tent. The Prince immediately guess’d the Cause of their coming.

Approach

' Approach, *Rustan*, said she to the Vizier; ' thou wert ever the Messenger of Woe, and I too well suspect the fatal Purpose of thy Visit. Tell the Sultan, that I, without Regret, resign the Life he gave me, and die sufficiently innocent, to fill his harden'd Soul, with never ceasing Strings of Conscience; enjoy, with *Roxelana*, the Fruit of all your Artifice and Treachery; I will not recommend to their implacable Enemies the Wife and Child of a Prince, prescrib'd even from his Infancy; kind Heav'n will make their Innocence its Care. But while my proud ambitious Step-mother sheds, with Impunity, the Sultan's Blood, charge her, from me, at least, to spare her own. *Zeangir's* Friendship, and, perhaps, immoderate Grief at my Death, may prove fatal to that unhappy Prince. *Rustan*, be it your's and *Roxelana's* Care to prevent it; and tell that dear, that worthy Partner of my Soul, that he alone employ'd the latest Hours of my Life.' The harden'd *Rustan*, unmov'd, at what might have penetrated a Heart of Adamant, order'd the Mutes to perform their barbarous Office. But tho' *Mustapha* despair'd of Life, he thought it injurious to Glory, tamely to offer his Neck to the Bow-string; and, with a menacing Look on them and *Rustan*, tho' unarm'd, he fell'd the first that advanced the Ground; and threw himself on the rest with supernatural

tural Force. *Rusfan*, frighted at this unexpected Obstacle, drew his Scymiter, and call'd in to his Aid other armed Persons, which he had posted at the Entrance of the Tent, in case of Resistance. The unhappy *Mustapha* did Things beyond humane Force; but was at Length o'erpower'd, and, by unworthy Hands, lost a Life, whose Glory was its only Misfortune. *Rusfan* signaliz'd himself in the bloody Execution; and seeing the Prince expired, went to inform *Roxelana* of his Death. The Report of *Mustapha*'s Disaster was soon spread all over the Camp. *Zeanger*, apprized of it, left *Perselia*, and only list'ning to his Grief, ran to the fatal Scene of Horror; and embracing the dead Body with a Shower of Tears, had it brought, yet reeking with Blood, to the View of the whole Army. The Soldiers, at Sight of their belov'd General, cou'd not refrain from Tears. The Janizaries, more impatient, generally cry'd out, that his Manes shou'd be appeas'd with Torrents of Blood. The Murmur was universal among them, and they loudly call'd for Vengeance. *Roxelana* fearing a Revolt, prevail'd on the Sultan to shew himself. At Sight of this inhuman Father, *Zeangir* lost all Consideration, and made him a thousand Reproaches, which a just Resentment forc'd from his Sorrow. 'Reign, cruel Prince, said

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\* Paul Jove in Solim. de Reb. Turc.

he, at length, 'midst Blood and Slaughter,  
and after having made Trial of thy Barba-  
rity, over the noblest Part of thy Race,  
extend it thro' the whole Universe. To  
*Rustan* and *Roxelana* leave that Empire,  
which their Artifice has usurp'd on thy  
Credulity. 'Twas not thy Son, the gene-  
rous *Mustapha* thou hadst Cause to fear  
(his every Deed, every Action of his Life,  
were certain Proofs of his Respect and  
Virtue) but rather their impious Rage,  
and thy besotted Weakness. Consider, that  
thou art now left to the Mercy of thy  
Son's Murderers, and that those who sa-  
crificed *Mustapha* to *Roxelana*, may also  
*Soliman* to *Bajazet*. Live, thou unnatural  
Father, but live with everlasting Stings of  
Conscience, a Prey to the Horrors of Sus-  
pcion and Diffidence ; and deprived of all  
thy past Glory, which thou hast now buried  
under a Heap of Crimes as great as our  
Misfortunes. Protect *Perselia's* Innocence  
and Virtue, while I, who burn with Envy  
of rejoining *Mustapha*, will put it past thy  
Power to use me like him.' After this,  
he threw himself on the dead Body, and em-  
bracing it with all the Transports of a real  
Grief, plunged a Poniard in his Breast, and  
expired a Moment after.

*Soliman*, struck with Horror and Repen-  
tance, retired to his Tent, detested by the  
whole Army. *Mustapha's* Death soon com-  
forted *Roxelana* for the Loss of *Zeangir* ; she  
employ'd

employ'd all her Care and Cunning to mitigate the Soldiers Fury, which threaten'd nothing less than a general Revolt. Never was Night more terrible than that which follow'd the Death of the two Princes. All the Camp was in Tears; the beautiful *Perselia* then felt all her Passion for *Zeangir*, and list'ning only to the Dictates of her Love, took no Care to conceal the Excess of her Sorrow. In the first Transports of her Grief, what did she not say to *Bajazet*, who, in the present Confusion, had found Means to penetrate into her Tent? The Prince perceiv'd, with Rage, how far *Zeangir* had been belov'd, and congratulated himself on the Loss of so dangerous a Rival; But whatever he cou'd say, promise, or offer, the Princess only return'd him Looks full of Anger, Scorn, and Sorrow. An absolute Order from *Roxelana*, drew him at length from the Place, and freed *Perselia* from his importunate Presence. *Alinda* combated her Despair with all the Rhetorick she was Mistress of; but all her Endeavours could not in the least remove her Sorrow.

*Soliman*, after the Loss of his two Sons, was very near losing his Reason also. A thousand Times in an Instant, he curs'd *Roxelana*, as the Author of his Woe, and the next Minute took her to his Arms. *Rustan* however was obliged to avoid his Presence, and leave the City; and the Sultan, mov'd with the Report of *Perselia's* Grief and Condition

dition, resolv'd to send her back to *Persia*. *Roxelana*, fearing the Power of her Charms over *Bajazet*, and satisfied with what she had already done, did not oppose her Departure. The Princess left the Camp, to return to *Tauris*; and *Bajazet* in vain attempted to force her from the Detachment that was sent with her. The fair afflicted *Perselia* was thus restored to her Father, who was preparing to arm all *Asia*, to free her from Captivity, and he saw her safely return'd to his Court with unimaginable Joy.

\* *Roxelana's* Art soon mitigated the Sultan's Sorrow. *Rustan* was recall'd, and these obdurate Monsters, soon after, forced him to consent to the Death of *Mustapha*'s Son, who, tho' yet an Infant, might, as they represented, occasion great Disorders. Assassins, hired for that Purpose, were sent to *Amazia*, and this hopeful Son of an illustrious Father, together with his Mother *Cameria*, fell a deplorable Sacrifice to *Roxelana's* yet unsated Cruelty.

But this inhuman, ambitious, haughty, treacherous Woman, this Prodigy of Vice and Barbarity, after having spent two Years longer in persecuting Innocence and Virtue, and carried her Credit and Power beyond any Instance, which past and future Ages can produce, of absolute Authority over an Hus-

<sup>De Thou Hist. Lib. 12.</sup> band,

band, died of a natural Death, and with her guilty Life, resign'd that unlimited Power, which had cost her so many Crimes. *Soliman* paid uncommon Honours to her Memory, and continued a long time inconsolable. The Remnant of his unhappy Life saw itself exposed to the Hazards of a Revolution ; which *Bajazet* in vain attempted : His Antipathy to *Selim*, which wou'd often break out into open Quarrels, prov'd at length the Cause of his Death. The aged Sultan, who sympathiz'd in every thing with *Roxelana*, but her ill-placed Tenderness for *Bajazet*, publickly espoused the other's Cause. The haughty Prince, whose Passion for *Perselia* was still violent as ever, fled for Refuge to her Father. But she, unable to forget *Zeangir*, whose deplorable Fate seem'd to have condemn'd her to eternal Sorrow, received him with her usual Indifference, and afterwards treated him with insupportable Disdain. *Tachmas* testified at first some Confidence for the Prince, but soon after retracted it. In short, the two contending Monarchs made Peace : *Bajazet*, seeing himself deprived of *Tachmas*'s Friendship, and despairing to succeed with *Perselia*, only listen'd to the impetuous Transports of disappointed Love and Vengeance ; several Conspiracies were by him form'd and carried on, in the Sophy's and Sultan's Dominions ; and this worthy Object of *Roxelana*'s most tender Affection, this darling

darling Son, for whose Sake she had done so much, met at length with Prince *Mustapha's* Fate, and was, by his Father's Order, privately strangled ; leaving the Hopes of Empire to his now only surviving Brother *Selim*, who accordingly after *Soliman's* Decease, ascended the Throne of *Turky*, with the most splendid Pomp and Magnificence.

## Splendid Pomp and Magnificence.

ИЗАГ



# MARIA.

Section

# *MARIA de PADILLA,* under DON PEDRO King of SPAIN.

**I**F ever Man deserv'd to be detested for his Crimes, \* it was certainly *Don Pedro* King of *Castille*, surnam'd the *Cruel*: He deriv'd his Birth from *Don Alphonso* and *Maria of Portugal*; and *Rome* suffer'd less under the Tyranny of *Nero* and *Caligula*, than *Spain* under this infamous Prince.

The first remarkable Actions of his Reign were to abandon *Leonora de Gusman*, his Father's Concubine, to the jealous Fury of Queen *Mary* (who caus'd her to be put to Death with incredible Torments) and afterwards to persecute her Offspring by the King.

*Don Frederic*, Great Master of the Order  
of St. Jago, was the eldest of Five, tho' the  
same Day that brought him to Light, gave  
also Birth to his Brother Don *Henry*. His  
Person was beautiful to Excess, and he had

\* Froussard, lib. i.

receiv'd

receiv'd from Heaven all the Requisites for an accomplish'd Prince. Nature, tho' less prodigal of her Favours to Don *Henry*, had however been indulgent also to him. Don *Tello* was extremely amiable in his Person, of a bold daring Spirit, truly honest, and naturally amorous. Don *John* and Don *Pedro* were yet Infants, and capable of little.

But their Merit and good Qualites, which justly endear'd them to the Castillians, render'd them but too formidable to the King. The unhappy Fate of *Leonora de Gusman*, their Mother, who had brought them up with so much Care and Tenderness, fill'd them with inexpressible Grief. Don *Frederic*, more discreet, and less turbulent than his Brother, stifled his Sorrow; but Don *Henry* and Don *Tello* gave an unbounded Loose to theirs; and after several fruitless Attempts to revenge their Mother's Death, mortify'd Don *Pedro's* Vanity, by gaining several of the most considerable in the Kingdom to their Party. Don *Henry* with a great Number of Forces retir'd to *Arauda de Duero*, and Don *Tello* to *Gijon*, where the King immediately pursued them.

\* During the Preparations of War against these illustrious Rebels, the well affected Castillians propos'd the unfortunate Marriage of *Blanche*, Daughter to Charles Duke of *Bourbon*, and Sister to *Joan*, Wife of *Charles the*

*Emper. and King of Spain* (see above) to Don *Henry*.  
Joining Mariana Hist. Hisp. lib. 16, and has

V<sup>t</sup>h King of France. Don *John de Ruelas*, Bishop of *Burgos*, and Don *Alvaro Garcia D' Alburnos* were deputed Ambassadors on this Occasion, and receiv'd that beautiful Princess for their savage Master, to whose impious Cruelty she afterwards fell a deplorable Sacrifice.

But while the Negotiations were carrying on, the King sat down with a numerous Army before *Gijon*, and this Siege kindled in his brutal Soul a Passion as violent as it was unlawful and out of Season.

Don *Alphonsa D' Albuquerque*, the Queen's Mother's Confident, and the King's Favourite, generally accompanied his Majesty wherever he went, and *Leonora* his Wife, to oblige her Husband, had follow'd him in this Expedition.

As her Fortune and Rank were of the most considerable, her Attendants were numerous and magnificent, compos'd of beautiful young Ladies, from the best Families in Spain. Among these, Madam *D' Albuquerque* particularly distinguish'd *Maria de Padilla*, who, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, was Mistress of a thousand different Charms. Her Stature was low, but all the Graces seem'd to have join'd in the Composition of her Person. The Whiteness of her Skin, the Vivacity of her Eyes, and the Regularity of her Features, render'd her irresistibly charming; her Temper was gay and sprightly, her Wit quick and

and penetrating,—but her Soul proud and ambitious to Excess. She was a perfect Mistress in the School of Artifice, and wou'd stick at nothing to compass her Designs. Don Pedro saw her at the Siege of Gijon; and at first Sight, Love and Cruelty disputed their Sovereignty over his Heart. In short, his Passion for her grew so violent, that he neglected the Care and Business of the War, and lost all Thought of his Bride to devote himself entirely to his new Mistress, who, on her Part, was too self-interested and ambitious to neglect so glorious a Conquest.

Madam D' Albuquerque made Scruple at first to favour an Intrigue of this Nature: But her Severity soon acquiesced with that establish'd Custom of Courts; Gijon surrendered; War gave way to the more soft Employments and Business of Love; a Treaty was concluded, and the reconcil'd Princes return'd together to Valladolid.

Soon after their Arrival, a Turnament was, by the King's Order, appointed at Toledo, in Honour of his Mistress; where, to display his Skill and Gallantry, he enter'd the Lists, but was wounded in the first Rencounter in the Hand, and lost so great a Quantity of Blood, that his Life was thought to be in Danger. During his Illness, Maria dei Padilla was never from him, and her officious Diligence

to setve him, her real or affected Tears, prov'd new Chains to our amour'd Monarch. Soon after his Recovery, *Blanche de Bourbon*, the fair unhappy Victim of an interested Kingdome, arriv'd at *Kalladolid*: But the Fame of her prodigious Beauty and Virtue gave not the least Curiosity or Desire to the prepossess'd Don *Pedro*; and if his Favourites, and even his Mistress herself, had not in a manner forc'd him to *Kalladolid*, he had perhaps never seen her at all; only *Blanche de Bourbon*, up to an inconceivable Beauty, join'd a consummate Virtue and Prudence; the Majesty of her Person answer'd the Dignity of her Birth; no Princess ever better deserved a Crown than she, and her Subjects had been too happy, if her Authority could have equalld her good Qualities.

Fame had but so well inform'd her of her intended Husband's Character; and if she knew nothing of his criminal Passion for *Maria de Padilla*, she was however no Stranger to his unbounded Cruelty, and the little Charms he was Master of, to repair so great a Defect. But when she saw him, her tender Soul was seized with Grief and Horror, and shudder'd at the Thought of her approaching Fate. The numerous Lights, which shone on this Interview, it being Night when Don *Pedro* arriv'd, added new Graces to her natural Beauty: But the stupid, or rather brutal King, untouch'd with a Sight that might have mov'd the most insensible Heart, receiv'd her with apparent Marks

Marks of Indifference, and his unlawful Passion prevailing over every other Consideration, he impatiently wish'd the Ceremony finish'd, because it detain'd him from his Mistress's Arms.

From the Palace, the Court repair'd to Church, the King attended with the Princes of the Blood, his Favourites, and all the Grandees of Spain, and the Queen, with an infinite Number of Ladies of the first Quality, among whom *Donna Juana Manuel*, and *D. Juana de Lara*, the fair deserving Objects of D. Henry and D. Tello's Wishes, shone like two rising Stars, in that pompous fatal Day.

Frederic, Great Master of the Order of St. Iago, whose Heart had hitherto been free, at Sight of the Queen began to feel a powerful Change in his Condition, and perceiv'd that his former Indifference gave way to Desires he had till now been unacquainted with. The matchless Charms of *Blanche*, her pitiful Destiny, and her soft interesting Melancholy, fill'd him with Sentiments, which he at first took for pure Compassion, but soon found to be Love, resistless, tender, sympathizing Love. During the Ceremony, the ravish'd Frederic gaz'd on her with uninterrupted Attention; and as the Queen had never seen a handsomer Man, their Eyes very often met.

The Rites being over, the Court return'd to the Palace, where a sumptuous Entertainment was prepared, suitable to the present

Occasion. Those who shou'd have been the Soul of the Feast, only spoke by Looks, and those Looks were without Meaning. The Ball, which follow'd the Repast, did not divert this Melancholy; and every one retired full of different Thoughts. The unfortunate *Blanche* was universally pitied; but *Frederic*, the tender interested *Frederic*, felt her every Sorrow, and pass'd the Night with all the Torments of a desponding Wretch.

The next Day, the young Queen, willing to surmount her Aversion to *Don Pedro*, and with the Help of Reason, and of Virtue, to submit to her present irremediable Condition, made the King a present of a Diamond Gir-dle of inestimable Value. *Don Pedro* durst not well refuse it; and having also made it Part of his Dress, that Mark of Complaisance gave the Queen some Comfort.

During his Stay at *Valladolid*, which, tho' but of three Days, were in his Kalendar as many Ages, he received Messenger upon Messenger from his Mistress, whose jealous Fears and Suspicions of his Constancy he at length went in Person to remove. The artful Concubine did not fail to exaggerate what she had suffer'd in his Absence, and perceiv'd with Pleasure, by the King's Transports of Joy at the News of her Pregnancy, that he was still as much her Slave as ever.

The Queen's Present immediately dazzled her jealous Eyes; and *Don Pedro* had no sooner

sooner inform'd her from whence it came, than she desired to have one made upon the same Model. The King wou'd have had her keep it, but she, who already destin'd it to a most horrid Purpose, cunningly answer'd, that parting with it so soon would testify an unpardonable Scorn of a Queen, whom Reasons of State obliged him yet manage.

\* Among her Followers was a Jew, a profess'd Magician, whose Skill in the Black Art, tho' considerably great, was by far surpass'd by his Crimes and Villainies. To this Disciple of the Devil, his Pupil *Maria de Padilla* committed the Girdle, and the Charm he laid upon it, was such, that whenever the King offer'd to put it on, he thought himself surrounded and stung by a Serpent. A less malicious Artifice had been sufficient to ruin the already too unhappy Queen. Our Concubine and her Creatures did not fail accusing her with their Stratagem, representing it in all the horrid Colours, which Malice, Art, or even Hell itself, could have invented; and Don *Pedro*, who was already but too well disposed to hate his Queen, sway'd by their Remonstrances, swore to avoid all Communication with her.

In the mean time, the fair unfortunate *Blanche* continued at *Valladolid*, buried in a profound Melancholy, which Don *Federico*

subjected to an Empire, of which he durst not declare himself a Subject, devoted all his Hours to the same mournful Employment. How often did he inveigh against the unjust Dispensations of Fortune? But alas! so that fickle Deity had yet a greater Misfortune in Store for him.

Don *Pedro*, having resolv'd to return to *Valladolid*, by the Advice of *Albuquerque*, who represented to him, that so open a Neglect of the Queen wou'd inevitably incense *France* against him, and expose him also to the Scorn of other Nations; *Maria de Padilla* follow'd him, and appear'd without the least Confusion at Court, tho' in a Condition which ought to have fill'd her with Shame. As her Taste was better than her Inclinations, and that her Soul, tho' proud, was yet susceptible of soft Impressions, at first Sight she fell in Love with *Frederic*. The King still continued to act inconsiderately against the Light of Reason, and the Dictates of Duty. The fair and melancholy Queen was regardless of every thing but her Sorrow. Don *Frederic* was secretly dying for her, and *Maria de Padilla* languish'd for him.

As the King's Injustice to *Blanche*, and Attachment to his Mistress, daily increased, the People generally began to detest him; and pity their unhappy Queen: But this universal Disaffection, far from reclaiming him, set a

greater

greater Edge upon his Cruelty, and no Day past, but he signaliz'd it by some barbarous Murders, without Respect to Vice, Age, or Innocence. Even his most faithful and beloved Adherents were not without Apprehension, from a Tyrant, who at all Times, and at all Places, violated Laws both humane and divine, and to whose frantick Passions neither Reason nor Necessity could put any Limits.

The only Thing that could have really touch'd the harden'd Monster, he was yet ignorant of. The haughty and impatient *Maria* had Power enough over herself, to keep her Passion from Don *Pedro's* Knowledge, tho' she burnt with Desire of revealing it to *Federico*. Her Eyes, indeed, spoke eloquently; but his Heart, which never sympathiz'd with Vice, did not understand their Meaning; and if he lov'd to Excess, 'twas with excessive Respect, and a Purity worthy the Object of his Passions. After some Days spent in unavailing Sighs, and fruitless Wishes, *Maria* resolv'd, at the Hazard of a few Blushes, to retrieve her fleeting Peace of Mind. *Leonora de Gusman's* Offspring could expect little Favour from Don *Pedro*. The Source they sprung from exposed them to innumerable Difficulties; the Queen Mother, vindictive beyond Thought, persecuted her Rival *Leonora*, in her unhappy Progeny; the King hated them,

them, for no other Reason, than because they were unlike him ; and several, who had been laid aside in the late Reign, and accused *Lemora*, with their Disgrace, continu'd their Hatred, even to her Posterity. These flattering Thoughts, which fill'd *Maria* with the most pleasing Hopes, encouraged her natural Boldness, and she now only hesitated upon the Difficulty of bringing her Design about. She saw *Frederic* indeed every where, but then she had not every where an Opportunity of entertaining him as she wanted ; and besides, publick Places she thought no way proper for Affairs of Secrefy. She had often taken Notice of his Melancholy, and all her Penetration could not at first divine the real Cause of it. He avoided gay Company, however agreeable to his Age ; and private Walks seem'd to have a thousand times more Charms for him.

*Maria*, who observed that the Prince generally frequented the most retir'd Places in the Palace Gardens, follow'd him there one Day, under Pretence of taking the Air to dissipate a Pain in the Head, attended with one only Woman, the Confident of her new Passion. After having gone thro' all the Walks, without finding him, it happen'd, that passing by an unsrequent'd Grotto, she perceived *Frederic* asleep, upon a Bed of Mofs. Hurried by her Passion, she left her Attendant, and boldly enter'd the Place.

Tho'

Tho' in a profound Sleep, the Prince's Cares  
were painted in his Face, his Cheeks were  
pale, and bore the Marks of fresh fall'n  
Tears; and the unaffected Negligence of his  
Air and Posture, sufficiently demonstrated  
the present Disorder of his Mind.

' How, said *Maria* to herself, *Frederic*  
' weeps; — *Frederic*, in Appearance so indif-  
' ferent to all the World, haunts Solitude,  
' and languishes in private. ' It must be  
' Love — for what but Love, despairing,  
' hopeless Love, could work this strange sur-  
' prizing Alteration in his Temper? — But  
' who to fix it on? — Perhaps *Don Henry*,  
' or *Don Tello's* Choice — — But no, his  
' Eyes are dumb to those my jealous Heart  
' suspects — Oh! did this sad perplex'd  
' Confusion of his Soul arise from such soft  
' tender Sentiments for me, his now despair-  
' ing Hopes shou'd soon give way to the same  
' wild Extravagance of Joy my ravish'd Soul  
' avows, at the bare Thought of so much  
' Happiness' — — At that Instant, the  
Prince fetch'd a deep Sigh, and turning his  
Head aside, without waking, she perceived  
an open Pocket-Book, with something wrote  
on one of the Leaves. Impatient to see what  
it was, she took it up; and for Fear of being  
discover'd in her Theft, retir'd hastily to the  
Palace, where opening the Book, she read  
the following Lines. *and so among but missed*  
*exploit a song of our mid world is to sing*  
*Almighty*

Almighty Love, tremendous Boy, boasting new  
The fruitless Conflict I give o'er;  
A long Farewell to Peace, and Joy,  
I yield to thy restless Power.

Confirm'd thy Slave, I'll hug the Dart,  
That fix'd th' aspiring Frederic's Fate;  
No Tell-tale Sigh shall breath my Smart,  
Nor Knaves of Love provoke my Charmer's Hate.

Hope I have none — amidst Despair,  
Unquench'd, my Flame still bright shall burn,  
For, Ah! her Eyes the Wounds they give, endear,  
Her Virtues, Love too Adoration turn!

These Verses confirm'd her jealous Fears,  
and gave her the most exquisite Torments:  
Such submissive and respectful Sentiments, she  
was conscious had no Relation to her; her  
prying Jealousy soon gave into their true  
Cause, and made her conclude, that the Queen  
alone could be the Object of so much Ten-  
derness and Respect: However, she carefully  
conceal'd her Theft, referring to her own  
jealous Eyes the Care of being more fully  
satisfied in her Suspicions.

In the mean time, *Frederic* waking, miss'd  
his Book, and tho' he was sensible that no  
one, by its bare Contents, could form any  
certain Judgment of his Sentiments, yet the  
Loss of it threw him into so great a Perplex-  
ity

ity and Disorder, that he did not appear at Court all the rest of that Day.

Maria, however, not satisfied with what she had already done, resolv'd to carry the Book back to the Place where she found it; not doubting but that solitary Retreat was a frequent Witness of Frederic's Sighs and Tears; after having taken a Copy of the foregoing Verses, as she had a vast Share of Wit, and a natural Talent for Poetry, she composed the following enigmatical Oracle, which might have embarrass'd others whose Minds were more at Liberty than Frederic's,

**O R A C L E** To A nA  
air n Bashful Lover, trembling Swain,  
With Assurance speak thy Pain;  
Fear no Repulse, nor coy Behaviour;  
Love and Power court thy Favour;  
Love, unrival'd, Beauty, Youth,  
Wait to crown my Frederic's Truth.  
Bashful Lover, trembling Swain,  
With Assurance, speak thy Pain.

Having wrote this under the other Verses, she carried the Pocket-Book to the Grotto; where Frederic, led there by his Melancholy, soon found it; and, with Surprise and Grief, read the Oracle it contain'd. The Hand was very well disguised; and besides, the Prince knew nothing of it. This unexpected Adventure

venture threw him into a perfect Labyrinth of Thought, all equally perplexing, and gave him inexpressible Uneasiness. The Queen, he thought was plainly hinted at, and himself suppos'd to be in Love with her: Sometimes indeed a flattering Hope endeavour'd to persuade him, that she herself was concern'd in this Contrivance, but that Thought, his Respect condemn'd as too presumptuous, and it vanish'd as soon as born.

The Court being one Day at the Queen Mother's, *Blanche* handed by *Fredric*, who had met her, as she was going out of her Apartment, came in, and with her, a new bright Day. An Air of Gladness had diffus'd itself o'er the Prince's Countenance, Joy sparkled in his Eyes, and *Maria*, who too plainly read the Sentiments of his Soul, in his ravish'd Looks, was fill'd with unimaginable Rage. 'Does not your Majesty think, said she, to the King, who stood by her, that there's a great Intelligence between the Queen and the great Master of St. *Iago*? He seems to be extreamly in her good Graces, and I dare say her Presents to him will never be infected.' Tis said she's very covetous, reply'd the King, and especially of her Friendship.— True, interrupted *Maria*, if you believe those Fools that are bigotted to a stupid Opinion of her Virtue, but all the impartial World allows, that the Ladies of *France* are not only

only free, but even prodigal of any Thing  
that can increase the Number of their Lovers,  
but, Sir, methinks you're little jealous of this  
new Favourite— I shou'd be so to Excess, if  
I interrupted the King in his Turn; if I thought  
*Frederic* lov'd you—but my Heart is so little  
interested for *Blanche*— so full of your Idea,  
I can admit no Thought of any other Object.  
After this, the King, without taking Leavc  
of any but *Maria*, abruptly left the Room.

*Frederic*, who stood next to the Queen,  
cou'd not be Witness of this publick Mark of  
the King's Indifference— this fresh Indig-  
nity offer'd to *Blanche*, without a secret Rage.  
He sigh'd; and the Queen turning to him,  
that sigh, ‘ My Lord, said she smiling, speaks  
Love, and without wronging you, I may  
pronounce you one of *Cupid's* Votaries.  
‘ Tis true, Madam, reply'd the Prince, and  
the Respect I owe your Majesty will not  
permit me to deny it; but my Soul is not  
only open to Love; for what I just now  
saw has fill'd it with immoderate Resent-  
ment. Then you are jealous, return'd the  
Queen; for that Resentment you speak  
of cannot surely proceed from a less pow-  
erful Cause. I am as great a Stranger to Jeal-  
ousy, answer'd *Frederic*, as *Don Pedro* is  
to Reason and Justice; and I cannot, even  
without the greatest Indignation, see the  
Object of my Love expos'd to any other  
Treatment, but such as matchless Virtue  
and

and inimitable Beauty deserve from all the  
World; and to redeem us from our present miseries  
These Words pronounced with Vehemence,  
and a certain passionate Action, too capable  
of unfolding their true Meaning, oblig'd,  
*Blanche* to look downwards, and discover'd  
what passed to *Maria*, whose greedy Eyes  
devour'd *Frederic* at Distance. The young  
Queen, unwilling he shou'd explain himself  
farther, kept a profound Silence, and seem'd  
buried in Thought. At that Instant, perhaps,  
Love took his Time to open her Eyes upon  
*Frederic's* Merit, and *Don Pedro's* Defects;—  
perhaps her tender Soul susceptible of soft Im-  
pressions, was framing at that Minute some im-  
nocent Desire or harmless Wish.—Howe'er it be,  
she sigh'd in her Turn and *Frederic* resuming  
his Discourse—*S* Wou'd to Heaven Madam,  
said he, our Sighs arose from the same tender  
Cause, and that—I am surpriz'd, interrup-  
ted the Queen hastily, that you thus dwell  
upon a thing so common, since there are  
few Persons sufficiently happy in their  
respective Situations, to be intirely exempt  
from Cares and Sorrow. But Sir, for Hea-  
ven's Sake, let us end a Discourse, which I find  
may carry us both to far; I see we are ob-  
serv'd, your Meaning is gather'd from your  
Looks. Love, Pity, Justice, all shou'd be  
suspicious here, and the greatest Happiness  
one cou'd wish, were to be stupid or in-  
sensible.

The

The Queen, who remark'd, that in Effect Maria's Eyes were fix'd on Frederic and self, wou'd not wait for a Reply, and went towards *Donna Juanna Manuel* and her Sister, whom she saw engaged in a general Conversation, with the Queen Dowager, and most Part of the Court.

In the mean time, *Frederic* and *Maria* were fill'd with Sentiments, which tho' alike in Cause, were very different in Nature. The Prince in the midst of his Torment, found some Ease, in having discover'd part of his Soul to the Queen without observing any apparent Aversion or Re-fentment in her Looks. But when he reflected on all those cruel and invincible Obstacles to a more solid Happiness, his Consanguinity to *Don Pedro*, *Blanche*'s inviolable Engagements, and a thousand other Difficulties, his Virtue told him, that he could not love with the least Hope ; or even with Innocence, indulge his Wishes. *Maria*, on her Part, had so much Love and so little Virtue about her, that 'twas not such weak Considerations that perplex'd her. The blackest Crimes wou'd not have cost her much to purchase her desir'd Happiness in *Frederic*, but she could think on none to prove successful to her Passion. Her Jealousy suggested to her a thousand different Thoughts on that Occasion, which the next Instant she rejected : In short, all the Horrors of Despair and Rage seizing at once her wild disorder'd Soul, she vow'd Destruction.

on to all Spain, in case she saw herself much longer expos'd to the curst Torments of unsatisfied Desire.

Among the Attendants of her own Sex the Queen had brought over with her from France, *Sylvia*, a young Lady of good Family, had the greatest Share in her Affection. Attended with this only Confidant, the Queen, to indulge her Melancholy, come down into the Palace Garden. *Sylvia*, who saw her Mistress particularly thoughtful, wou'd not offer to interrupt her; and they had walk'd some time, without speaking, when passing accidentally by that Grotto, where *Maria* had found *Frederic* asleep, the Queen, who had never before taken Notice of it, charm'd with a Solitude so agreeable to her present State of Mind, was just stepping in, when she heard the Voice of some Body, that seem'd earnest in Discourse, and afterwards her own Name mention'd. An Emotion she was not Mistress of, or rather Curiosity, drew her to a Place, where she cou'd conveniently hear what was said, and not be seen, there she soon distinguish'd the Voices of *Frederic*, and his Brother *Don Tello*. ‘ In vain you deny it, said this last, ‘ your Temper is of late so remarkably alter'd, that 'twere impossible not to have observ'd it. I own it never was exceeding gay; ‘ but then you were not us'd to be thus pensive, thus lost in Thought, and plung'd in deep corroding Melancholy, in love with Solitude,

Solitude, and every Object that may indulge your Sorrow. Your Breast was ne'er before thus big with Sighs, which you in vain endeavour to stifle, but all your Looks were calm, and free from their present Disorder and Languishment: In short Brother, you are no longer your self, and your hitherto obstinate Silence, is an unpardonable Injury to our Affection and Friendship: The Misfortune of our Birth, the Death of our Mother *Leonora de Gusman*, and *Don Pedro's* Tyranny, may indeed give you just Cause of Sorrow, and fill you with a generous Indignation; but the present Disorder of your Mind has yet a deeper Root: You are in love *Frederic*, and the true Source of all your Care, is *Blanche*, the Queen. Oh! Brother, cried *Frederic*, I conjure you, by our Friendship, never to harbour such a Thought. Are you ignorant of the Respect I owe the Queen? or her Engagements with *D. Pedro*? or cou'd I think you would, without being void of Sense, leap into that dangerous Precipice? A Passion born with Respect, and conceiv'd with Innocence, reply'd *D. Tello*, cou'd ne'er offend the Queen; but tell me, *Frederic*, and tell me truly, what can you hope from this ill-fated Passion? To dye, interrupted *Frederic*, and with Tears he was not Master of, and die without offending *Blanche*. If your Grief and Courage are great enough to make you survey Death without Terror,

‘ply’d D. *Tello*, I hope you have also too much Honour and Religion to have Recourse to so criminal a Remedy. Live, *Frederic*, let Reason cure you, and consider that your Love cannot subsist with Innocence.’

This Conversation threw the Queen into an inexpressible Agitation of Mind. Her Soul was too equitable to condemn a Man, who lov’d by the prevailing Power of his Destiny, and there was something in her Heart that wou’d not suffer her to resent it. A secret Sentiment of Pity (and Love is the Concomitant of Pity) strongly pleaded in the Behalf of *Frederic*, which Duty and Virtue cou’d not intirely stifle. Conscious of her Weakness, the Queen, tho’ unobserv’d, blush’d, and chid herself. ‘Come *Sylvia*, said she to her Woman, ‘let us be gone; I have heard too much for my Repose, or perhaps my Honour, which ought to be a thousand times dearer to me. I know not, Madam, reply’d *Sylvia*, what Cause your Virtue has to take th’ Alarm. If it contributes to Prince *Frederic*’s Passion, ’tis only by its Purity, and from my Soul, I pity a Man, who tho’ so worthy to be happy, seems to be doom’d to all the Horrors of Despair and Misery. Do, *Sylvia*, pity him, pursued the Queen, bursting into Tears, but let it be so low I ne’er may hear thee. To Souls fram’d in the same tender Mould, as mine, Examples of Compassion are contagious — therefore on thy Fidelity

' lity, I charge thee never to mention Frederic's  
' Name before me. Does your Majesty's Ha-  
' tred then, reply'd the trusty Confident, ex-  
' tend so far as not to hear. — Oh *Sylvia*,  
' hastily interrupted the Queen, do not press  
' me too far; Heaven knows I am far from ha-  
' ting *Frederic*, and I am fill'd with Shame  
' to think I cannot feel those Sentiments for  
' him my labouring Heart confesses for  
' *Don Pedro*.

After this, the Queen, with unspeakable Disorder, left the Garden: When she was gone, D. *Tello* forc'd *Frederic* to a sincere Confession, and satisfy'd himself, with pitying him, well knowing that in Love Reason loses its Prerogatives, and vain Resistance only serves to fix the Tyrant's Power, and confirm the unhappy Lover's Doom.

In the mean time *Maria*'s Soul was torn with all the Agonies of hopeless Love, unsated wild Desire, and frantick Jealousy. The King perceiving this Change in her Temper, and thinking he had too many Witnesses of his Crimes at *Valladolid*, resolv'd to leave it, and having at D. *Henry*, and D. *Tello*'s Request, given his Royal Approbation to their two-fold Marriages with *Juana Manuel* and *Juana de Lara*, the Nuptials were celebrated before his Departure.

Prince *Frederic*, according to his Brothers Advice, had endeavour'd to fix his Eyes upon some fair Object, that might be capable

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of diverting his Thoughts from the Queen ;  
but finding that impossible, they were now  
generally fix'd to the Earth. After a magnifi-  
cent Repast, which Prince *Henry* gave in his  
own Palace, Don *Pedro*, who, with the whole  
Court, had been invited to the Nuptials,  
took that Time to confer with the Queen's  
Mother, and D. *Alphonso D'Albuquerque* about  
his intended Departure. *Blanche* was engaged  
with the two Brides, and *Frederic* unluckily  
found himself expos'd to a Conversation  
with *Maria*, whom he detested beyond  
Thought. ‘ My Lord,’ said she, addressing  
‘ to him, with unexampled Boldness, it nei-  
‘ ther becomes your Age nor Dignity, to ap-  
‘ pear thus pensive and dejected, in so an il-  
‘ lustrious an Assembly. One wou'd imagine  
‘ by your downcast Looks, immovably fix'd  
‘ to the Earth, that you are in Love with  
‘ that common Mother of the Heathens, and  
‘ that because she is dumb, you have resolv'd  
‘ to be so too. If as you pretend I am in Love  
‘ with the Earth,’ reply'd *Frederic*, with an  
Air of Indifference, that sufficiently testify'd  
his Contempt of her, ‘ I can however boast  
‘ as many Rivals, as she has Kingdoms and  
‘ even Provinces, and reckon the greatest He-  
‘ roes amongst them, so that in the midst of so  
‘ many formidable Competitors, my present  
‘ Disorder ought not to be surprizing. You  
‘ might address your Vows, reply'd *Maria*, to  
‘ more comeatable Objects, from whom your  
Merit

' Merit might expect every thing. What,  
' continued she, seeing he hesitated on an An-  
' swer, does that Oracle pose you, and must  
' I be oblig'd to unfold its Sense to you? That  
' Custom of Antiquity has been long since  
' out of Date, return'd *Frederic*, and besides  
' I doubt you wou'd prove but an indifferent  
' Interpreter of the Decrees of Heaven: 'Tis  
' those of Love I mean, added *Maria*, with-  
' out the least Confusion, and if I shou'd ex-  
' plain them now, it wou'd not be perhaps the  
' first time. See there, continued she, produ-  
' cing the Verses she had copied from  
' his Book, and judge whether a Heart, in  
' so much Distress as 'tis here represented,  
' needs not some Ease or Respite from its  
' Pains.' The Prince, at Sight of the Verses,  
chang'd Colour, and trembled with Fear of  
having expos'd the Queen to the Indiscretion  
of this wicked Woman. *Maria* soon read his  
Disorder in his Looks, and pursuing her Dis-  
' course, ' I find you fear me, said she, and 'tis  
' not without Reason, since I can draw consi-  
' derable Advantages from your Secret; how-  
' ever, tho' I have it not from you, I am yet  
' willing to trust you with one of mine without  
' Regard to Scruples, the weak Pretence of an  
' effeminate Soul. The King loves me, and in all  
' Probability will love me long, yet notwith-  
' standing this Advantage, I offer you the Plea-  
' sure of an Intrigue easy and without Danger,  
' since his blind Passion, and intire Confidence

is our mutual Pledge of Safety. Besides,  
what can you hope from your Sentiments  
from *Blanche*? Do you expect to triumph  
in the Discovery of mine, without afford-  
ing Ease to the wild Wishes of my tem-  
pestuous Soul? — No, Sir, the Flames  
that warm my Heart, must soon be quench'd,  
or burst with Vehemence, on you, on  
*Blanche*, on all that may oppose my Hap-  
piness. Dread them, *Frederic* — and e'er  
you speak my Doom, consider what I am,  
what I have already done, and what I yet  
can do.

The Prince was so lost in Thought, that  
*Maria* might, if she pleas'd, have talk'd till  
Dooms-Day, without Interruption. But, re-  
covering himself, "I own, Madam," said he,  
"I did compose a few Love Verses, which  
you have answer'd by an Oracle. But  
why will you attribute them to any par-  
ticular Cause, when they have none other  
but my Inclination for Poetry? Besides,  
cou'd you imagine me so void of Reason,  
if I really was in Love with the Queen,  
to hazard the Knowledge of my Passion?  
I own the Discovery of your Sentiments  
for me, join'd to those prodigious Charms  
you are Mistress of, might easily tempt  
one less ambitious than myself; but the  
Respect I owe my King — Base and un-  
grateful Man, interrupted *Maria*, with how  
much Ease, what Pleasure could you re-  
nounce

\* nounce that tame, that forc'd Respect, were  
 \* Blanche to be the Recompence. I love  
 \* you to my Cost; I cannot bear your  
 \* Scorn. — And the Queen's Fate depends  
 \* on your Resolve.

*Marid* wou'd not wait for a Reply, and  
 left him to his own Thoughts. A few Days  
 after, Don *Pedro*, attended with his Concu-  
 bine, set out for *Toledo*. \* Don *John Miguez de Prado*, with several other Grandees  
 of Spain, boldly represented to him the ill  
 Consequences of his too frequent Absence  
 from those Places where his Stay was so ne-  
 cessary; but their Remonstrances unhappily  
 cost them their Lives, being soon after as-  
 sassinated by the Command of that inhuman  
 Monster.

*Frederic*, frighted at *Maria's* late Threats,  
 follow'd the King in his Journey to *Toledo*;  
 which outward Mark of Complaisance, tho'  
 she rightly judg'd an Effect of Precaution,  
 was yet exceedingly agreeable to her. The  
 Queen, whom Reason, Virtue, and Duty, ill  
 defended against the Power of Love, was  
 not sorry for his Absence. His two Bro-  
 thers, who hop'd it might be a Means of  
 curing him, saw him go with Pleasure, and  
 in short, he was the only Person that suffer'd  
 from this Constraint upon his Inclinations.

\* Mariana.

† Soon

† Soon after their Arrival at Toledo, Lagniez King of Granada, driven from his own Kingdom, fled there for Refuge. But Don Pedro, without Regard to the sacred Laws of Heav'n, of Nations, and the Rites of Hospitality, barbarously slew him with his own Hand, exposing himself, by this unparalleled Inhumanity, to the Hatred of his own Subjects, and the just Abhorrence of all the rest of the World.

In the mean time, Frederic's cold Civility did not at all satisfy Maria, whose Passion was now rais'd to all the Height of raging Madness and Distraction, instead of improving those few Moments of Liberty, which Don Pedro sometimes gave him, Hunting and Solitude were all his Occupations; and Maria, wild with unsated Love, with Tenderness abus'd, reproach'd him, his Sighs, and Melancholy, as so many Injuries offer'd to her Passion.

' Frederic, said she to him one Day, how much longer have you resolv'd I should bear with your Indifference, and tamely sit under the Soul-distracting Pangs of fruitless Wishes, and unsatisfied Desire. Could you but pry into the deep Recesses of my Heart, and view the Conflict of my tortured Soul, 'twixt Love, and the Resentment of a slighted Passion, perhaps you'd

' fear that Power you seem to scorn. Oh  
' Frederic! I am all on Fire — the restless  
' agonizing Tortures of the Damn'd, are  
' poor to what I suffer — the fierce contend-  
' ing Passions of Despair, Rage, Jealousy,  
' and Indignation, tear my proud haughty  
' Soul, with vast unutterable Anguish — and  
' the least Moment of Delay to still this  
' raging Tempest in my Breast, brings down  
' inevitable Destruction on thy Head — on  
' Blanche — the King — myself — all Spain  
' shall feel the Effects of my Resentment —  
' and Children yet unborn, curse that obdu-  
' rate, proud, Insensible, whose fatal stupid  
' Scorn of proffer'd Charms, gave Birth to  
' so much Desolation.

Happily for *Frederic*, the King interrupted the Sequel of a Conversation, out of which he knew not well how to extricate himself. The wild Emotions of *Maria's* Soul were too apparent in her Looks, to escape the quick-sighted Don *Pedro*. He took Notice of them, and judging they had some uncommon hidden Cause, which perhaps arose from *Frede-  
ric*. ' Your late Neglect, said he to the Prince,  
' of those honourable Employments my  
' Goodness has conferr'd on you, is as un-  
' pardonable, as your Insolence in daring  
' even to look on what I deign to love.  
' Be gone, and return to *Valladolid*, but strip'd  
' of every Title but that you were born with,  
' I'll not only go to *Valladolid*, reply'd the  
Prince,

Prince, fired with a noble generous Rage,  
but even to the utmost Limits of the Earth,  
to fly from Tyranny and Tyrants. With  
these Words, he left the Room, and but for  
*Maria*, his Life had been the Forfeit of his  
Indignation. However, the Mastership of  
the Order of St. Iago was taken from him,  
and given to *Garcia de Padilla*, *Maria's Brother*, tho' he was married; and that it was  
never before disposed of but to such as were  
single.

In the mean time, the haughty Concubine,  
not able to support the Absence of her be-  
lov'd *Frederic*, turn'd her Resentment against  
the Cause of it. *Don Pedro*, who unused to  
such insolent Airs, left her at *Toledo*, and set  
but for *Ciellar*. Twas at this Place he saw  
*Diego de Haro's* beautiful Widow, *Juana de*  
*Castro*; her Youth and Charms, join'd to his  
late Quarrel with *Maria*, had no Difficulty  
of making an entire Conquest over a Prince  
already too much devoted to his Passions;  
but meeting with unexpected Resistance from  
the fair Widow, he purchased his Happiness  
by an Action worthy himself; *Sancho Davila*,  
and *John de Salamanca*, two Hireling Prelates,  
the Confidants of his Crimes, without the  
least Pretence or Permission from the Pope,  
cassated his Marriage with *Blanche*; and  
*Hymen's* sacred Knot being thus untied by  
those subaltern Ministers of the Ecclesiastick  
Empire, the King was publickly married to  
*Juana*,

Juana, to whom the glaring Outside of a Crown conceal'd the Precipice into which she was fallen. The News of this fresh Injustice soon reach'd the whole Kingdom, and increased the general Indignation. Maria, stung to the Soul at this open Defiance to her Power, resolv'd not to be the Victim of this new Passion. If Frederic had set the least Value upon her Favours, she had been willingly prodigal of them; but sensible to what Excess he despised them, she repair'd to *Cuellar*, when she was least expected; and *Juana de Castro* had scarce Time to enjoy her new Dignity of Queen, e'er that dangerous Rival came to dispute her the Possession of *Don Pedro*. Her Eyes were arm'd with a thousand different Charms, her Soul with all the Artifice of Woman. Instead of flying out into Invectives and Reproach, as the King expected; deep Sighs and thrilling Tears, the dumb prevailing Rhetorick of Love, were all the Arguments she used to speak the Anguish of her Heart for his Inconstancy. Unable to resist their Force, the weak credulous King, regardless of his late Engagement, flew like Lightning to her Arms. Maria, improving this Opportunity, wou'd not suffer him to leave her, till she had again lured him to her deceitful Embraces, and there charm'd him to a perfect Oblivion of *D. Juana*; who seeing

sing herself thus shamefully abandon'd, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, retired to a Convent at *Dueñas*, where she was delivered of a Boy, afterwards call'd *John*. But *Maria's* late Triumph could not remove the Pangs she felt at *Frederic's* Scorn of her Passion. Rage, Pride, and Indignation, combated in her distracted Soul against the more prevailing Power of Love — but all subsisted to that resistless Tyrant. *Frederic*, on his part, regardless of his own Disgrace, was only incensed at the King's late Injustice to *Blanche*; and his Resentment urging him to Vengeance on that execrable Monster, he join'd himself to several illustrious Malecontents, among whom was *Don Alphonso D'Albuquerque*, who, notwithstanding the Greatness and Number of his Services, was now also disgrac'd, and took up Arms in the Defence of the Right and Liberty of an injur'd People. *Don Tello* had drawn a considerable Number of Forces from *Biscay*; *Frederic* and *Don Henry* had gather'd some from other Places; and there were few Persons of any Note, but what openly declared themselves against the detested Tyrant.

*Blanche's* Presence at *Valladolid*, whose Virtue had endear'd her to the People, and the Remembrance of her late Disgrace, fomented the general Dissatisfaction. The Queen Mother, unable to put Limits to her Son's Excesses, satisfied herself with sighing over them in private.

vate. But Don *Pedro*, to whom *Maria* had discover'd *Frederic's* Sentiments for *Blanche*, imagining, that notwithstanding the War, he might find an Opportunity of seeing her, caus'd her to be brought from *Valladolid* to *Toledo*, where he wou'd not wait her Arrival, tho' he only destin'd her a Prison for Retreat: *Frederic*, inform'd of this, and fearing for the Queen's Life, march'd directly towards *Toledo*, without Regard to the Consequences that might arise from this Rashness, where he arriv'd at the same time with *Blanche*, who had staid a few Days at *Arevalo*. His Soldiers, by his Direction, immediately fell upon, and dispers'd the Detachment that had been sent for *Blanche*, who thinking this Commotion an Effect of the People's Pity, endeavour'd by Signs to express her Gratitude, desiring them not to Hazard the King's Resentment, by a Rebellion that cou'd not free her from his Tyranny. The Queen, in this Confusion, had not at first distinguish'd any Body, but how great was her Surprize, and Grief, when she perceiv'd *Frederic* at the Head of all the rest, and *Frederic*, whom she imagin'd at so great a Distance. The Sight of that unhappy Prince, and the Danger she foresaw him expos'd to, fill'd her with such Disorder, that she fell in the Arms of *Sylvia*, without Sense or Motion. Her Attendants immediately caus'd her to be taken out of her Coach, and carried to the

the next House ; where, by the Strength of Remedies, she at length recover'd. *Frederic*, unable to resist the powerful Impulse of his Passion, had follow'd the Queen ; and the discreet *Sylvia*, who was no Stranger to their mutual Sentiments, had prudently removed all those Persons that were suspicious, under Pretence of giving the Queen Air. *Frederic* kneeling, was the first Object that presented itself to *Blanche* after her Recovery, and drew the Tears in her fair Eyes. ‘ Oh, Prince ! said she, ‘ what could induce you to this rash Attempt ? and what can you seek from one so wretched as myself ? To fall with Honour, Madam, interrupted *Frederic*, or free you from a detested Tyrant’s Power. ‘ Oh, *Blanche* ! are Chains and Prisons the Reward of Virtue ? and is the horrid Due of Criminals, the just Desert of Innocence and Beauty ! Tis not those Chains or Prisons that I fear, reply’d the Queen ; of all my Cares, they are the least — but, Sir, for Heaven’s Sake, I conjure you, not to press me farther — haste from a Place, where you cannot stay without Danger, or with Innocence ; and leave the unhappy *Blanche* to Heaven and herself. Inhuman Queen, interrupted the Prince, does my Presence fill you with Horror ? and am I guilty to behold you thus. Oh, *Frederic* ! reply’d the Queen with Passion, tax not my Heart with Cruelty, but lay the Blame on

' on the stern Will of Reason and Virtue.  
 ' Once more I conjure you leave me—I must  
 ' not, cannot, dare not, see you longer—the  
 ' Tyrant Laws of Duty must be heard.—  
 ' Go, Prince, where Honour calls—preserve  
 ' with Care a Life so needful to your Coun-  
 ' try, and when you think on *Blanche*, afford  
 ' one pitying Sigh to her Remembrance. Yes,  
 ' Madam, return'd *Frederic*, with an Emotion  
 ' that had something fatal in it, your Will  
 ' shall be obey'd—I'll go, and far from *Toledo*,  
 ' drag the Remnants of a detested Life, that  
 ' cannot long survive its Load of Misery.  
 ' Oh Prince, interrupted the Queen, why will  
 ' you threaten an unhappy Wretch, who  
 ' thinks not of her own Danger, but trembles  
 ' at the Thoughts of your's. Live *Frederic*,  
 ' and be happy, consider that you are sprung  
 ' from an illustrious Blood, which tho' sul-  
 ' lied by *Don Pedro*, in you appears with  
 ' greater Lustre—and that on your's depend  
 ' the Lives of Millions. Farewell for ever  
 ' — there's something tells me I shall never  
 ' see you more—and would to Heaven I  
 ' never had.

The Queen wou'd not pursue a Conversation which had already too plainly discover'd her Weakness: But shewing herself to the People, she retir'd in the Cathedral Church, as a Refuge from *Don Pedro* and *Maria's* Attempts, and the despairing *Frederic*, having seen the last of her, left *Toledo* without a single

nable Anguish, and as much Reluctance as fleeting Souls when they depart their pale expiring Bodies. But how great was the King and his Concubines Rage at the News of what had passed. *Frederic* had seen the Queen, excited a Commotion among the People; and these were Crimes without Remission. The unhappy City of *Toledo*, tho' innocent of all this, felt the barbarous Effects of their Fury, and sooh after saw a general Massacre of those who had express'd the least Pity for the Queen, without respect to Dignity, Age, or Innocence: The Sacred Majesty of those Altars, to which she had fled for Refuge, were basely violated by impious Villians, who acknowledging neither human nor divine Laws, dragg'd the unhappy *Blanche* from her Sanctuary, and carried her to *Medrina Sydonia*, where, without Respect to her Dignity, she was confin'd in the Castle.

Don *Henry* and D. *Tello*, who, with a sympathizing Sorrow, pitied *Frederic's* Despair, and were justly exasperated at the Tyrant's unlimited Barbarities, resolv'd to put a speedy and effectual Stop to them. To which Purpose, *Henry* leaving the Care of their Domestick common Interests to his two Brothers, repair'd to *France*, to demand Vengeance of the House of *Bourbon* for the Injuries done to the unhappy Victim of their Policy. But this bold Step, without frightening Don *Pedro*, gave a greater Edge to his Cruelty; and *Maria*, from an excessive,

cessive Love, fell into an excessive Hatred, and began to meditate on them Means of sacrificing *Frederic* and the Queen to her Resentment.

The first Step she took towards the Execution of her bloody Purpose, was to persuade the King that *Blanche de Bourbon* privately corresponded with the three Princes, and that 'twas at her Desire that D. *Henry* had undertaken his Voyage to *France*. The credulous King with Pleasure came into an Opinion that served to justify his Aversion to *Blanche*, and even persuaded himself that she had favour'd *Frederic's* Passion: Joining therefore Artifice to Strength, he easily found Means of sacrificing a Prince who took little Care of his Person, and whom the Desire of freeing the Queen from Tyrannick Power, always kept in Action; in short, the tender generous *Frederic* was privately dispatch'd by Assassins hir'd for that Purpose. Tho' Life was grown a Burthen to him, yet to preserve it from so inglorious an End, he did what the most extraordinary Courage cou'd do, in such an Occasion; but at length, falling under the Number of his Assassins, he dy'd with the Regret of leaving the Queen expos'd to the same Fate. A few Days after, his Brother D. *Tello*, *Juana de Lara*, *Isabel* her Sister, and *Leonora*, the King of *Aragon's* Widow, and Don *Pedro's* Aunt, by this inhuman Monster's Order, met with the same unhappy End.

*Blanche de Bourbon*, Prisoner at *Medina Sydonia*, employ'd the hapless Hours of her Captivity in preparing her Constancy to the most horrid Effects of *Don Pedro's* Resentment. She reflected with Tenderness and Sorrow on those dear illustrious Friends she had left in *France*, to come in quest of Woe in a Foreign Country; her Thoughts dwelt with Wonder on the strange Malice of her Stars, that seem'd to have harden'd the King's Heart against her Beauty, Youth and Virtue, and she concluded that since he had been insensible to so many Charms, her Death was inevitable. Her pure unsullied Soul submitted with a pious Resignation to the Decrees of Divine Providence, and ne'er o'releap'd in any immoderate complaints, or Grief, the Bounds of Patience, Reason, and Religion. But if her Virtue triumph'd over her Afflictions, and hard Fate, she cou'd not however surmount a secret Inclination that, with resistless Force, had taken Possession of her Heart; she was young, a Woman, and consequently susceptible of Weakness; *Frederic*, spite of herself, had pleas'd her, and she was but too sensible to what Excesses he lov'd her. Sometimes a flattering Hope wou'd tell her, that he alone was worthy of her Possession, which the next Minute she condemn'd as injurious to her Virtue, and it vanish'd as soon as born.

While *Frederic* liv'd, Reason and Duty opposed the Progress of her Passion, and she strove,

stroved, with all her Power, to forget him ;  
but when she heard his Death, and the moving Circumstances that attended it, she gave free Scope to the impetuous Emotions of her Soul. ‘ *Frederic* is then no more, said she, ‘ that tender generous Prince is fall’n, at length, a Sacrifice to Tyranny. Just Heav’n, continu’d she, raising her weeping Eyes, ‘ I do not, will not, tax you with Injustice, ‘ but suffer me to weep a Prince so worthy ‘ all my Tears. Oh *Pedro* ! Oh *Maria* ! ‘ how much longer will you triumph with ‘ Impunity o’er your detested execrable ‘ Crimes. Alas ! if *Frederic*’s virtuous Soul ‘ cou’d have sympathized with Vice, or taken to his Arms polluted lawless Love, ‘ perhaps he’d yet been living—but how ?—‘ to dwell with Slaughter, Tyranny, and ‘ Vice ? No, Prince, pursued she with Passion — ‘ enjoy that blest eternal Happiness, ‘ which all the Malice of Mankind can never ‘ now deprive thee of ; and if, amidst the ‘ never-fading Glory that surrounds thee, ‘ thou yct preserv’st some faint Remembrance ‘ of poor suffering Wretches here below, ‘ look down on the unhappy *Blanche*, and ‘ offer thy most fervent Vows to that Almighty Power that took thee to himself, to ‘ free me also, from my insupportable Load ‘ of Misery.

After this first Transport of Grief had had its free Course, she appear’d something more

composed. However, her Sufferings were not of long Duration, and *Maria*, yet unsated with Blood and Cruelty, soon contributed to their Ease, by a Dose of Poison, mix'd in something that was brought to her Table. The Princess no sooner felt the Poison begin to work, but an unusual Gaiety shone thro' the livid Paleness of her Cheeks ; the Hopes of her approaching Deliverance soft'ning the Sharpness of her Pains. The inconsolable *Sylvia* had in vain Recourse to the most pow'rful Remedies : The Queen took something to please her; but, sensible of the Nature of her Distemper, by the violent Torments she suffered in her Body, her next Care was to resign her pure unsullied Soul into the Hands of her Creator. ‘ Cease, *Sylvia*, said she to that trusty Maid, who gave a thousand Marks of her Distraction, ‘ cease to afflict thyself; ‘ but rather join with me, and bless the Hand ‘ of Providence, for this most welcome Suc- ‘ cour ; however terrible be the Approach of ‘ Death, ’tis always preferable to a Life so full ‘ of Woe and Misery as mine. Go, *Sylvia*— ‘ return to *France*, and from the House of ‘ *Bourbon* receive the just Reward of thy ‘ Fidelity. Do not incense my Friends a- ‘ gainst Don *Pedro*, the Stings and Terrors ‘ of a troubled Conscience will be sufficient ‘ Punishment for him — Revenge is Hea- ‘ ven’s — and Innocence is inconsistent with ‘ inflexible Resentment. Assure the Queen, ‘ and

and the Duke my Brother, that, to the last  
Moments of my Life, I have preserv'd a  
Sister's Tenderness for them, and that my  
dying Breath conjured some Share in their  
Remembrance. Do not thou forget me, *Syl-*  
*via* — and when a Tear or two may fall to  
the Memory of wretched *Blanche* — then,  
*Sylvia*, pity my unhappy Fate, and render  
my Example terrible to Virgins of my  
Rank. Farewell — receive my last Em-  
brace — 'tis all the Recompence I now  
can give thee. — Oh, *Frederic* ! I come —  
receive me in the Mansion of the Bless'd —  
Once more, my dearest *Sylvia*, farewell —  
Thou hast been Witness of my Conduct,  
— 'tis true, I lov'd — but Heav'n well  
knows the Purity of my Soul — and in  
those Sentiments I die.' — These were  
her last Words ; a Moment after she expired,  
and by her Death gave Posterity a greater  
Reason than ever it had before, of detesting  
the Memory of *Don Pedro*. The News of  
*Blanche*'s unhappy Catastrophe, justly fill'd  
all *Europe* with Wonder, but the Court of  
*France* with universal Sorrow. *Sylvia*, after  
having seen her Mistress's Body decently in-  
terr'd, return'd to her native Country, where  
she loudly publish'd *Don Pedro*'s Enormities.  
The King and Queen of *France* express'd a  
sincere Grief for their Sister's undeserv'd Ca-  
lamity ; but *Peter Duke of Bourbon*, giving  
an unbounded Loose to the Impulse of a just

Resentment and Affliction, swore the Destruction of a Monster that had so inhumanly deprived Spain of its greatest Ornament ; and joining himself with the famous *Bertrand de Guiscelin*, and several other brave Frenchmen, to the equally afflicted Don *Henry*, they waged a long and bloody War against Don *Pearo*. There were few Sovereigns in Europe, but what readily declared for them ; and those whom Reasons of State would not permit publickly to espouse their Cause, favour'd them, however, by underhand Assistance.

The curst *Maria* died of a Fever, a better Death by far than she deserv'd. The King, distracted at the Loss of this worthy Partner of his Crimes, to legitimate the Children they had had, pretended he had married her ; but these Testimonies of her Virtue were very suspicious, and did not at all render her Memory the more venerable or dear to his Subjects.

Don *Henry's* generous Attempts to free them from the unjust Oppression of a Tyrant, met with deserv'd Success. Don *Pedro*, after a long Resistance, at length perish'd. Prince *Henry*, tho' natural Son to King *Alphonso*, ascended the Throne of *Castille*, amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of his People, over whom he reign'd a considerable Time, with exemplary Justice, Mildness, and Prudence ; and after his Decease, the Crown devolv'd to his Posterity.

~~ad hinc agnus lebendis dicitur quod vesp  
in uniuersitate fortissime et ad alia loca  
tunc et raro invenitur sed evitatur secundum~~

## *M A R O Z I A,* under several P O P E S.

**L**O V E never meets with invincible Barriers ; with impetuous Force he overthrows all Obstacles, and when he pleases, conquers the most elevated Conditions of Life, Age, Philosophy, Reason, the most consummate Prudence, and exact Precautions, all subside to his superior Power : His Darts pierce the Hero's Armour ; the sad Recluse, whom Locks and Grates immure, too often owns his Influence, and quits her promis'd Heaven above, for one below : Love penetrates the Hermit's Cell ; the plotting Statesman's Closet ; and the Miter itself cannot skreen its Wearer's Heart against a Tyrant, who dares even to attack it under the Church's sacred Purple.

One wou'd imagine, that all the Avenues to the Vatican should be closely guarded against the least Appearances of Gallantry ; and yet, as in other Places, we find it amidst the Holy Water, and the sacred Torches ; there, Pride, Ambition, Artifice, and Coquetry,

querby rule with unbounded Sway, and he who thinks he has a Right of forgiving all, cannot believe but his own Power is unlimited.

'Tis not with any Design of aspersing the Memory of Popes, by forg'd or exaggerated Calumnies, that some of their Foibles are here brought to Light; what Account soever may be given of them, the Reader may depend on as true, being such as the most impartial and authentick Historians of those Times have transmitted to Posterity: But, after all, these Men, these Popes, these supreme Chiefs of the Church, are not Angels, nor does that vast Authority, which to their Power subjects Monarchs and their Kingdoms, divest them of human Frailty.

*MAROZIA*, the Heroine of the following History, play'd so extraordinary a Part upon the Stage of *Rome*, that, but for the concurring Testimonies of several eminent Historians, it would appear incredible to Posterity. A confus'd Heap of Crimes, such as few, or, I may venture to say, no Age ever parallel'd, has rendered her Memory infamously glorious; never did Dissolution, Vice, or Luxury, equal her's; she was one of those publick Stars, which indifferently shine on all Mankind; having from her Mother's Breast imbibed the Art of rendering herself superlatively vile and infamous.

*Theodora,*

*Theodora*, a Roman Courtisan, gave her Birth under the Auspices of Impurity, tho' of distinguish'd Quality herself, and afterwards married her to *Adelbert Marquis of Tuscany*.

The Prince had remained Widower of *Bertha*, who in her first Marriage with Count *Thibault*, gave him a Son call'd *Hugh*. *Guy* was her only Offspring by *Adelbert*, and *Alberic* derived his Birth from the Marquis and *Marozia*. 'Twas now she confirmed what her Inclinations, even from Infancy addicted to Coquetry, had all along seem'd to portend; for while *Adelbert* was wholly taken up with weighty Business of State, she generally gave Loose to her natural Love of Variety, and clandestinely carry'd on an adulterous Commerce with one *Sergius*, by whom she afterwards had a Son called *John*.

This *Sergius*, tho' he was yet but a Deacon, was, by *Marozia's* Means, elected Pope, who purchased the Votes and Suffrages of the Conclave at the Expence of her most secret Favours. But, however, meeting with great Difficulties in his Promotion to the Holy See, he fled to *France*, and obtain'd Succours from *Charles the Simple*, which soon open'd him all Avenues to the Apostolick Throne. 'Tis true, that *Marozia's* Ascendant over her Husband's Will was not a little serviceable in this Occasion to her Lover,

who

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who deposed \* *Christopher*, and unjustly usurp'd his Dignity, reigning with unparalleled Tyranny over Souls and Bodies, and practising such monstrous Barbarities, as astonished and shocked the whole Universe. In short, the Papal Throne, which this cruel Monster fill'd, became the Azylum of the most flagitious Villainies and infamous Crimes.

† In this State of Independance, his Malice and ill Qualities openly manifested themselves, and from this proud Summit of human Grandeur, he gave the strongest Proofs of his Affection to *Marozia*. *Adelbert* died. The shameless Widow, to enjoy all the Deceas'd's Fortune, was soon after, with the Consent of *Sergius*, married to *Guy*, her late Husband's Son by *Bertha*; and the Pontiff even look'd on this incestuous Match, as sufficiently lawful, since contracted under the Shadow of his Power.

Young Prince *Alberic*, who far from having any of his Mother's Defects, justly detested those he observed in her, could not breath the same Air without Grief: He was perfectly well made, and truly virtuous. Tho' in an Age where our Country's is the least Interest at Heart, the Pride and Insolence of *Sergius*, who, prompted by *Marozia*, reigned with unexampled Tyranny, fill'd him with a generous Indignation; and therefore, colouring

the Necessity of a long Absence, under a pretended Desire of visiting several Foreign Courts, he travell'd thro' a great part of Europe, while his imperious Mother lorded it o'er her stupid Husband, the Pope, the Church, and *Rome* itself, displaying in the Castle of St. *Angelo*, which she had inherited by *Aldebert*, all the Luxury and Profusion that cou'd satisfy her immoderate Pride.

After having visited several Places, which cou'd no: at all divert his Melancholy, *Alberic* resolv'd to make some Stay at the Court of *Hugh*, King of *Italy*, Son to Count *Thibault* and *Bertha*, and Brother to *Guy Marozia's* present Husband: *Hugh* was now a Widower, and had an only Daughter nam'd *Alda*. This Princess was reckon'd the greatest Beauty of the Age she liv'd in, and her Virtue and other good Qualites were no way inferior to those prodigious Charms she held of Nature. Her Father was passionately fond of her, his Subjects ador'd her, but *Alberic* at sight of her lost his darling Liberty, and his hitherto unconquer'd Heart soon confess'd Sentiments of a much fiercer Nature than either.

The young Prince's Merit was alone sufficient to recommend him; but his Affinity with *Hugh* was another greater Advantage on his Side, tho' the Cause of it fill'd him with inexpressible Confusion.

The King of *Italy* receiv'd him with all possible Demonstrations of sincere Joy and Friendship; a sumptuous Apartment was order'd for

him

him in the Palace : Balls, Plays, and Festivals, solemnized the Arrival of this illustrious Guest ; each revolving Day produc'd some new Gallantry, and in short, nothing was omitted which was thought capable of rend'ring his Stay at *Arles* agreeable. But amidst all these Pleasures, the young Prince cou'd not lose his first Inquietudes, but also began to feel some of a severer Nature. *Alda*, beautiful beyond Thought, shone like a radiant Star. *Irene*, Daughter to *Mathilda* the King's Sister, had been brought up with the Princess, and divided with her all the Advantages of Birth and every thing else, without the least Distinction.

Prince *Alberic* was come to *Arles* with all the necessary Dispositions to Love. Since he had attain'd to Years of Discretion, Sorrow and Confusion had been his whole Employment. If he look'd on *Theodora*, the odious Memory of her past Life was a Stain which an Eternity of Ages cou'd never efface ; he cou'd not reflect on *Adelbert* without condemning in him that Credulity and Weakness which had given so much Power to *Marozia* ; and when he consider'd that Princess, his Thoughts presented him with a confus'd Heap of Defects and Crimes, without the least Spark of Virtue.

*Alda*, the fair deserving *Alda*, in the Prime of Youth and Beauty, dissipated these mournful Ideas. *Love*, the sworn Foe to Melancholy, the gay, the smiling God, soon fill'd his Breast

Breast with Agitations of a diff'rent Sort, and inspiring him at once with tender Wishes, and a Desire of pleasing, forc'd him to shake off the wonted gloomy Habit of his Soul, and dress his Looks in Smiles and Gaiety. In short, *Alberic*, who had all the Requisites to please, soon found the Way to *Alda's* Heart. Conscious of their mutual Worth, with secret Joy, they both indulg'd their Passion: If the Princess paid an exact Observance to the Decorum of her Sex, the Prince neglected not those Liberties which his own allow'd him, and in such lively Colours painted his Excess of Love, that *Alda* thought the Picture too agreeable to reject. A tender Union of Hearts follow'd this Sympathy of Sentiments; *Irene* was made the Confidant of their Armour, and *Hugh*, who perceiv'd it, was so far from opposing, that he even strove to encourage its Progress.

In the mean time, *Marozia* continued to lord it over the Church and State of *Rome* with absolute Sovereignty. The Weak effeminate *Guy*, besotted by her Artifice, look'd on his Marriage with his Father's Wife as warrantable before God and Man, while the infamous *Sergius* debas'd the Dignity of his high Station, by the most vile Excesses of Debauch. The Castle of St *Angelo* was a continual Scene of the most horrid Crimes, and *Rome* even disgorg'd with Dissolution, *John*, the despicable Fruit of *Sergius* and *Marozia's* adultr'rous

adultrous Commerce, was educated and brought up, with all imaginable Care. His wicked Mother, seeing to what stupendious Height Ecclesiastical Dignities rais'd Men in that Age of Darkness, and prompted by Motives very contrary to Piety, had already destin'd him a Pastor of the Church, being resolved to leave no Stone unturn'd to render the Papal Throne hereditary to the Posterity of *Sergius*; and as *Guy* was a mere Shadow, distinguish'd only by Reflexion, Slave to the Pope, *Marozia*, and his own Indolence, she found it no difficult Matter to succeed in her Designs, and lay a sure Foundation for her Son's future Fortune.

*Alberic*, very diff'rent in Temper and Inclinations, had little or no Share in his Mother's Affection, and one may say, he was only owing to her for the Life she gave him. She had very often attempted to corrupt his Virtue, but failing in her Design, she felt an Increase of Hatred for him. *Sergius* sometimes strove to conceal the Deformity of his Actions and Horror of his Life, under affected Shews of Devotion and Charity. \* By him was the now famous Church of St. *John de Latran* (from whom the present Pope derives his Title of Patriarch) repair'd and beautified, by his Order Candles were carried on the Day of Purification, and several other Super-

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\* Platin. de vit. Pontif.

stitions

stitious Ceremonies put in Use, worthy a Person of his Indolence, who little cared to edify the truly Pious by his Example, provided he could please the Bigots.

During the Time that *Alberic* lov'd and was belov'd at the King of *Italy's* Court, *Guy* and *Marozia* acted widely different from each other ; the first was making great Preparations for a War, which he had no Mind to go to, while she persecuted all honest Souls at *Rome*. 'Twas through her Channel only, that Pardons and Benefices were distributed ; and these she tax'd at such Prices, as soon amass'd her a considerable Heap of Treasure. The Holy Father, submissive to her Will, was in every thing guided by her. What Prodigies of Vice, what inconceivable Excesses of Impiety and Dissolution did each revolving Day produce ! such as History, tho' full of strange Events, ne'er parallel'd ! The well-invented Fables of the Antients, which lay before our Eyes such monstrous Crimes, are modest, in Comparison to those which fill'd the Vatican and *Rome* : But Death at length put a Period to their Progress and the Life of *Sergius*. \* *Anastazius*, *L'Ando*, *John II.* *Leon VI.* and *Stephen VII.* were chosen successively, and reign'd but a short Time. During their Reigns, *Marozia* took such wise and powerful Measures for the Accomplish-

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\* Du Chesne. Platin.

ment of her Designs, that her darling Son *John*, tho' unqualified by Age or Capacity, tho' more than any other unworthy so eminent a Station, was rais'd to the Holy See; wherein he exactly followed his Father's Footsteps, nor deviated in the least from the bright Examples he had left him. But this was not the only Turn of Fortune. *Guy*, soon after *John's* Inheritance of St. Peter's Patrimony, died also, and left *Marozia* to a full Liberty of seeking new Engagements. As all her Actions were answerable to the natural Boldness of her Temper, and generally not without Cause, she artfully engag'd *Hugh* to come to *Rome*, promising him the quiet and peaceable Possession of that City. Hitherto the King of *Italy* had been thought free from those Vices which render Sov'reigns obnoxious to Censure or Hatred; but puff'd up with Hope of governing a City, which once was Mistress of the World, his Virtue sunk under the attracting Power of Ambition, and with the whole Family he took the Road to *Rome*. 'Twas not without extream Repugnance, that *Alberic* followed him to that Mansion of Vice; but Love and *Alda* were resistless.

At their Arrival, *Marozia* shook off her affected Sorrow, and received them with the greatest Marks of Joy. Her haughty Soul, unaw'd by Scruples, and harden'd by an unlimited Power, had its particular Designs.

*Hugh*

*Hugh* was Brother to *Guy*, but *Guy* was Son to *Adelbert*; and she who had not blush'd to marry her Husband's Son, could not perswade herself it was a Crime to tie the holy Knot of *Hymen* with two Brothers. 'Twas with this View, she had invited *Hugh* to *Rome*, and tho' with Age and Dissolution she had lost all the Charms of her first Beauty, yet having Recourse to Art, to remedy their Disorder, she appeared much more agreeable than the new Guests expected.

*Marozia*, however, was not forming Projects alone: *Alda*'s Charms were too numerous and pow'rful, not to produce some great Effect; *John* saw her, and, like an erring simple Mortal, fell in Love with her; his so much boasted of Infallibility not being able to skreen his Heart from the Influence of her Beauty. But *Alda*, satisfied with the Possession of *Alberic*'s, was not in the least ambitious of fresh Conquests, and took so little Interest in the Fire, that now plainly appear'd in the Pope's Eyes, that she thought him in Love with *Irene*, and banter'd her agreeably about it.

*Irene* was extremely well made, and did not want for Beauty, tho' it was far inferior to *Alda*'s; her Air was insinuating, her Humour gentle and complaisant, and her Wit quick and lively: With such Charms, 'tis not surprising that she gain'd several Admirers at *Rome*;

but being intirely unambitious of Love, she seem'd regardless of those Conquests she had already made, nor strove to gain others.

' Cousin, said *Alda* to her one Day, after they had been in Company with the Pope, *Marozia*, and other Persons of the first Rank, ' our *Alpian* Snows, I find, have not so far frozen you, as to prevent your setting Hearts on fire; and tho' I am assured you brought no Love with you to *Rome*, yet I see you have inspired a great deal already.' ' Who I, Madam, reply'd *Irene*, indeed you surprize me; if our Arrival at *Rome* has had such Effects as you say, it must certainly be the Work of your Eyes, not mine. ' Nay, pursu'd *Alda*, smiling, 'tis possible I might inspire Love; Conquests are not alone reserv'd for such superior Beauties as *Irene's*; but here, my Dear, that's not the Question; for I would speak of your new Lover: Don't you see that the Pope is in Love with you? Have you not heard the Holy Father's far-fetch'd Sighs, nor observ'd his languishing Looks? Tell me, what Beauty but your's could have produced such speedy and powerful Effects. She that has heard and seen what I have not, return'd *Irene*, ' and this Pontifical Blaze is a Crime of your own. Heaven preserve me from it, reply'd *Alda*, ' what should I do with such a Lover? And what would you have me do with him, answer'd *Irene*, have I more  
Occa-

' Occasion for him than you ? and because I  
' have no *Alberic*, do you think me so far to  
' be pitied, as whether I will or no, to give  
' me a Pope for an Adorer. Tho' I take lit-  
tle Pains to examine him, 'tis my Opinion,  
as well as yours, that he's not much better  
than his Father, and would willingly aban-  
don the Conduct and Guide of Souls, for  
the Possession of Bodies, nor is it very sur-  
prizing in a Son of *Sergius* and *Marozia* ;  
but this I am sure of, that let who will be  
the Object of his Love, it must be a suffi-  
cient Cause of Grief and Confusion to the  
Person. How ! pursu'd *Alda*, does not that  
magnificent Mixture of Priesthood and Roy-  
alty, that sacred Pomp that surrounds the  
Pope in all Places, tempt your Ambition ?  
Oh ! the Joy, the Glory of subjecting to  
one's Empire, the Man that has Sovereign  
Power over Heaven and Earth ! Indeed,  
Cousin, added she, laughing, the least Re-  
ward I expect for this important Piece of  
News, is at least the Half of those Indul-  
gences which his Holiness will certainly  
lay at your Feet, a Tribute to your Beauty ;  
they are good trafficking Commodities, and  
may either be put to the same Use as the  
Holy Father does, or be given to Friends.  
Indeed, Madam, reply'd *Irene*, with a very  
serious Air, ' with the Respect I owe you,  
' I must tell you, you are profane ; what  
' Work here will be at your next Confession

for your ill-grounded Raillery. Indeed my Dear, return'd *Alda*, I shall confess myself to you several times, e'er I do once to my Ghostly Father, and I hope before that to see you Mistress of St. Peter's Keys, as you are absolutely so of his Successor's Heart. Kind Heaven preserve me from such Power, said *Irene*: But, Madam, to make a just Application of your ill-grounded Suspicion, stay till the Pope open his Heart to you, where you will miss of mine, but find your own Image imprinted. Oh, *Irene*, cry'd *Alda*, your Prediction frights me, and you have too well reveng'd yourself for my Railries. I am much deceiv'd if it prove not true, return'd *Irene*, and am surpriz'd it should have so long escap'd the clear-sighted *Alberic*.

At that Instant, the Prince came in and interrupted their Conversation; but *Irene*, willing to continue it, resum'd the Discourse, and addressing herself to *Alberic*: ' *Alda*, said she, will not be convinc'd, that you have a pow'rful Rival at *Rome*, but lays the Fire she has kindled in the Vatican to my Score. That's because she's not so clear-sighted as we, return'd the Prince, with a Sigh. Yes Madam, I assure you the Pope is in Love with the Princess, and if not to so great and Excess as *Alberic*, yet his Passion is sufficiently violent, to make us apprehend very dangerous Consequences. I find, answer'd the Princess, that you side with *Irene*, on purpose to vex me, but supposing her Suspicions just, and

mine

' mine false, I don't think it so great a Mis-  
' fortune, as it need fill you with these Ap-  
' prehensions you seem to be under. The  
' Pope is neither my King nor Father. Ah,  
' Madam, cry'd *Alberic*, he's more, much  
' more than that, since he is Son to *Sergius*  
' and *Marozia*, and seated on a Throne of  
' Iniquity. There the haughty *John* securely  
' enjoys a Right which may make him usurp  
' all others, and the Horrors of which reign  
' in our Family, condemn *Adelbert*'s unhappy  
' Posterity to the greatest Misfortunes. *Al-*  
' *beric*, reply'd *Alda*, these Fears, and this  
' Despair are unmanly in a Prince, and, if  
' indulg'd, may be attended with very bad  
' Consequences, since your Inquietudes give  
' me extream Uneasiness; therefore I conjure  
' you set yourself above such Apprehensions,  
' for I assure you, I am your's and ever will  
' be so. *Alberic* seeing this Conversation dis-  
' pleas'd the Princess, wou'd not continue it, and  
' turn'd it to another Subject.

In Process of Time, *Alda* was convinc'd  
of *Irene*'s Penetration: For the Pope was  
too far gone to continue long discreet. *Ma-*  
*rozia*, whom Experience had rendred perfectly  
skill'd in the Mysteries of Love, soon disco-  
ver'd by her Son's Melancholly, a Truth which  
did not at all surprize her. As Pope *John* was  
a living Image of *Sergius*, he cou'd not but be  
extreamly dear to her; and there again mater-  
nal Tenderness, tho' in a criminal Cause, pre-  
vail'd

vail'd over Virtue, and made her resolve to attempt every Thing in Favour of her Son's Repose. She was not ignorant that *Alberic* was in Love with the Princess of *Italy*, but his Interest was far from touching her so nearly as *John's*; Her Soul superior to Scruples of any Kind, earnestly wish'd that *Alda* wou'd do for the Pope what she herself had done for *Sergius*: but she knew there was little Appearance that *Alda*, unmarried, wou'd encourage such Liberties as may without Discovery be granted in Wedlock, and judging of others Sentiments by her own, she imagin'd that nothing cou'd be more effectually advantageous to the Pope's Passion, than *Alda's* Marriage with *Alberic*, whom she flatter'd herself cou'd not always continue virtuous, because he was her Son. She was now entire Possessor of *Adelbert's* Fortune, and doubted not but *Alberic* wou'd be blind to every Thing else, provided she establish'd his Fortune with *Hugh's* Daughter. She had also drawn from the Holy Father the Secret of his Love, and promis'd a speedy Relief to his Torment. With this View she appear'd extreamly fond of *Alda*, and as her Design was to associate *Hugh* a Partner of her Crimes, now *Guy* was dead, one may say he commanded absolutely at *Rome*, a dissimulating and infected Deference of *Marcia's*, which made him taste the Sweets of absolute Dominion, and languish after an uncontrold Authority, independant of other

*Italick*

*Italick Powers.* The petty Sovereignties over which he reign'd, to his now growing Ambition, appear'd despicably mean, and inconsiderable; and tho' till then he had loudly inveigh'd against *Marozia's* Conduct, he began to think it less criminal, since it cou'd conduce to his Interest, and now as loudly applauded it, to facilitate new Advantages to himself.

As to the Pope, he no sooner saw his good, commodious Mother turn Pandar to his Lust, than his Passion threw off all Restraint, and imagining that St. Peter's delegated Key's cou'd as easily introduce him into *Alda's* Heart, as in Heaven, he renounc'd all Deference and Respect, to give a Loose to his Crimes, as unbounded as his usurp'd Authority.

The Apostolick Court was, one of the finest Days in *Autumn*, walking in the Gardens of the Castle of St. Angelo, which *Marozia* had cultivated with extream Care and great Ex pense. The Pope had follow'd the Court thither, and his Mother thinking he had now a good Opportunity of declaring his Passion, took *Alberic* aside, while the Pontiff accosting *Alda*; ' Durst I be so bold, Madam said he, ' to the Princess, to call you to Account, for ' the Quiet you have depriv'd me of, or ask ' you to what Use you destine a Heart which ' I thought exempt from Sufferings, but now ' find subjected to Torments, as great as is ' your Beauty.' This unexpected Address  
so

so disconcerted *Alda*, that it for sometime depriv'd her of the Power of Speech ; but recovering herself, ' Your Holiness, who has an indisputable Right to ordain Chastisements or Blessings, said she, is not a little severe to me on that Account, however great be my Faults, in forcing me by that profound Respect I owe her, to suffer a Railing, which I can no way relish. Ungenerous Princess, return'd the Pope with Looks full of the Fire that raged within his Breast, ' tis cruel in you, thus to equivocate or evade a just Answer to my Question : Alas, there's too much Truth in what I have said, and the Wounds you have given me must certainly be great, since spite of my self they force me to reveal my Passion. Oh, *Alda*, I love, or rather I adore you, and tho' every thing forbids me to hope, yet nothing can decrease my Ardour. In vain to your dangerous Power have I oppos'd the Dignity of my Station : Alas ! what Good has that poor weak Resistance done me, but to confirm your Victory and my Defeat. Slave to your Charms, I neglect all Care of Church and State ; unhappy, too unhappy, to want no Power but that of crowning *Alda*, and rendering her as formidable as myself. But tho' you cannot enjoy that Honour, my Crown shall not be the less at your Disposal, and as a Proof of it, here at your Feet I consecrate the Triple Diadem, and those Sovereign

' Sovereign Keys which made all Mortals  
' tremble. Your Holiness need not fear,  
' resum'd *Alda*, I shall abuse so glorious a  
' Sacrifice, or contribute to disfigure in you  
' the venerable Character of Vicar of the Son  
' of God. Your Keys are to me intirely  
' useless, nor is it among your Treasure that  
' I intend to seek for Pardon for my Faults,  
' well knowing that I must one Day give an  
' Account of them to a Superior Power, be-  
' fore whom all earthly ones are nothing;  
' therefore, I conjure your Holiness to desist  
' from this unpardonable Weakness, and not  
' give me Cause to lose that Respect which  
' is due to the Head of the Church. That  
' Weaknes you speak of, return'd the Pope,  
' is fix'd within my Heart, beyond the Power  
' of Fate to alter. In vain I wou'd surmount  
' it. But are you born without Pity? Were  
' you engendred among Rocks? Must a  
' Name, which does me Honour in the World,  
' only serve to increase my Sufferings? or  
' the elevated Station to which I am rais'd,  
' be of no other Advantage to me, than to  
' furnish you with Reasons against my Love,  
' and for the Destruction of my Quiet? Is it  
' possible, cry'd *Alda*, smiling, tho' she had a  
' greater Mind to shed Tears, that your Ho-  
' liness is awake. Do consider that you are  
' talking to a Princess, from whom not all the  
' Crowns and Riches of the Univerfe shou'd  
extort

‘ extort one Groan or Wish in Prejudice of  
‘ Virtue or Duty ? and that your Apostolick  
‘ Power, however unlimited, cannot dispense  
‘ me from what I owe to both. Farewell Sir,  
‘ added she, saluting him with an Air of  
‘ Haughtiness, that was not usual to her, I  
‘ leave you to those Angels that shou’d defend  
‘ your Soul against Temptations ; I wish  
‘ they may succeed : And as for mine I shall  
‘ take such effectual Care to shut it close a-  
‘ gainst any lawleſs Love, tho’ surrounded with  
‘ ten thousand *Diadems*, that it shall not have  
‘ Power to surprize even the most unguarded  
‘ Avenues.’ With these Words she retir’d,  
and left the Holy Father to meditate on  
her Resolve, and in the utmost Confusion.

But while the Pope and *Alda* were thus engaged, *Marozia* had had a long Conversation with her Son. ‘ So, *Alberic*, said she, ‘ with an affected Air of Familiarity, you ‘ are in Love with the Princess of *Italy*, and ‘ had I not discovered it my self, I suppose ‘ you would still have kept it secret to me ; ‘ however, I am not the less disposed to fa- ‘ vour such well-grounded Sentiments, but ‘ am also resolved to demand *Alda* of her ‘ Father, and make you Master of all that ‘ Estate that belong’d to yours.’ Tho’ *Al- beric* had no Esteem for his Mother, yet, vir- tuous as he was, he could not but respect that Name. ‘ I did not inform you of my Pässion, ‘ Madam, return’d the Prince, because I  
judged

‘ judg’d you wou’d perceive it. To me, I own,  
‘ the Possession of *Alda* is preferable to  
‘ all other Fortunes, and you cou’d not  
‘ give me a greater Proof of your Goodness,  
‘ than by procuring me the Means of obtain-  
‘ ing it. I doubt not, reply’d, *Marozia*, but  
‘ *Hugh* will give you the Preference to any  
‘ other, and the Pope’s Consent you may  
‘ be sure of. But *Alberic*, when your Happi-  
‘ ness is once fix’d, do not offer to imitate  
‘ those capricious Husbands, who wou’d have  
‘ their Wives breath only for them, and capti-  
‘ vate even their most harmless Looks ; in  
‘ a Word, take heed you be not jealous ; it  
‘ wou’d be a perpetual Uneasiness to *Alda*,  
‘ and the worst of Torments to you : Believe  
‘ me, *Alberic*, Doubts are the Source of  
‘ Trouble, and he for ever renounces his Re-  
‘ pose and Quiet, who fills his Brain with such  
‘ fantastick Whims.

This strange and unexpected Admonition, which presag’d nothing good, threw *Alberic* into the utmost Perplexity of Thought ; he well knew, that *Marozia* seldom, if ever, made Advances without Design ; and the Precautions she gave him, confirm’d the Truth of what he but before suspected. ‘ I am suffi-  
‘ ciently acquainted with the Princess of *Ita-  
‘ ly*, reply’d he, to be assured I shall have no  
‘ Room to observe such a Conduct ; nor is  
‘ it from Virtue, pure and solid like her’s,  
‘ that

‘ that I need fear the least Cause of Jealousy.  
‘ I am glad, return’d *Marozia*, to find you  
‘ in such Dispositions ; however, remember  
‘ that what I have told you concerns your  
‘ Quiet ; and be assured, I shall do all that  
‘ lies in my Power for the speedy Accom-  
plishment of your Happiness.

*Marozia* proved as good as her Word, and spoke the same Night to *Alda*’s Father concerning this Match. *Adelbert* had left a very considerable Estate, and his Rank was sufficiently noble to render the Alliance desirable. *Hugh*, who aspired to raise his Fortune, imagined he could not be too nearly related to *Marozia*, and promised her more than she wanted for *Alberic*.

In the mean time, *Alberic*, after having left his Mother, went to the Princess’s Apartment, and found her talking to *Irene* of the Pope’s late Declaration. As the Prince lov’d with uncommon Ardour, Joy sparkled in his Eyes, and his Heart, agreeably flattered by *Marozia*’s Promise, had spread an Air of Gladness o’er his Face, such as *Alda* never before remark’d. ‘ *Alberic*, said the Princess, fixing her fair Eyes upon him, ‘ is it the Interest  
‘ you take in my new Honour, that has given  
‘ you this Air of Satisfaction ? or are you  
‘ pleased with what I just now heard from  
‘ the amorous Pontiff ? As the Pope was  
‘ cast in the same Mould as another Man,  
‘ and

‘ and has the same Degrees of Frailty, reply’d *Alberic*, with a Smile, ‘ I own I cannot wonder that his Reason should shipwreck on the dangerous Coast of Beauty, such as yours. But, Madam, my present Joy has a more solid Cause ; my Mother has just now assured me, she would obtain the King your Father’s Consent to our mutual Happiness, and restore all what was left me by *Adelbert*. Oh, Prince ! cried *Alda*, how dangerously malicious is *Marozia* ! what a subtil Snare has she laid for you ! but let us both be on our Guard ; her Designs are certainly criminal, and her Promises infected. I love you, *Alberic*, and own it without Shame, because I know you to be worthy my Affection. Heaven’s my Witness, I could conceive or wish no greater Joy, than to be united for ever with you, under some happier Climate, where we might live exempt from Danger, or the Fear of an importunate Pope and an imperious Mother : But were *Hymen*’s sacred Knot to join our Hands and Hearts at *Rome*, soon should I be exposed to Persecutions, which to resist, would require even supernatural Force and Power. Here the Pontiff is absolute, and has already reveal’d the Secret of his odious Passion ; *Marozia* is but too powerful, and the least virtuous of her Sex : After this, tho’ you are dearer to me than Life,

‘ Life, judge whether this proposed Match  
‘ ought not rather to be protracted ; and  
‘ consider, that they would only put us in  
‘ Possession of Happiness, to precipitate us  
‘ afterwards into the deepest Gulph of Sor-  
‘ row and Despair. How, my *Alda* ! cry’d  
the amorous *Alberic*, ‘ could you have the  
‘ Power, not to say the Cruelty, of retard-  
‘ ing a Bliss which I pant after with so much  
‘ Ardour ? Without doubt, I can, reply’d  
*Alda*, ‘ my present Condition may, perhaps,  
‘ be a Curb to the Pope’s Desires ; but were  
‘ it once altered, he would give his Insolence  
‘ the Rein ; and this, I am sure, is *Merozia*’s  
‘ Design. Yes, were you my Husband, the  
‘ Mask would then be thrown off, and I  
‘ know not whether even your Life would  
‘ be in Safety. Oh Heavens, I tremble at  
‘ the Thought ! Oh, *Alberic* ! oppose this  
‘ proffer’d Happiness ; ’tis only meant to blind  
‘ you, and while Things remain in the same  
‘ Posture, I must prevail on you to refuse it.  
‘ Are you, Madam, of the Princess’s Opinion,  
said *Alberic* to *Irene* ? ‘ Doubtless, reply’d  
she, ‘ and I know not what you mean by  
‘ contradicting it. I mean to fix a Happi-  
‘ ness, return’d the Prince, without which I  
‘ find it impossible for me to live. And I  
‘ assure you, continued *Irene*, that you are  
‘ going the ready Way to lose it, without  
‘ Hopes of Recovery. For my Part, I am  
‘ surprized

surpriz'd at what I every Day see: Is it  
possible that this *John*, this Delegate of  
*Christ* on Earth, should not dread that Hell  
wherewith he threatens so many less Sin-  
ners than himself? Is this his Infallibility,  
this the so much boasted of Prerogative,  
which Ambition has annex'd to the Holy  
See, with as little Reason as Justice? Are  
the Sentiments the Pope feels for *Alda* some  
Divine Inspiration, or the Work of Cor-  
ruption? Once, indeed, I thought the  
Apostolick Palace the Mansion of Sanctity,  
Prudence, Justice, and Fear of God; but  
instead of those complicated Virtues, which  
ought to adorn his Crown who is appoint-  
ed Ruler over the visible Church, I meet  
with nothing but Dissolution, Vice, Pride,  
and Villainy triumphant. What is it to  
the Pope, that Magazine of Impurity,  
whether a Woman be ugly or beautiful?  
Was it for a Bastard of *Sergius*, that *Eu-*  
*rope* has produc'd a Wonder? And has she  
been brought up with so much Care, to be  
at length abandon'd a Prey to such a Hoard  
of Vice and Infamy? *Alda*, notwithstanding  
her Uneasiness, cou'd not forbear smil-  
ing at *Irene*'s Ebullition. But *Alberic* sigh'd  
at the Thought of it; and now no longer  
opposing Reasons, which he perceiv'd too  
well grounded, he endeavour'd to ease his  
Agony, by venting fruitless Curses on his  
unlucky Stars.

While they were thus engag'd, *Morozia*, who well knew what the Pope wanted, and hated Delays, was pressing *Hugh* to obtain his Daughter's Consent to her Marriage with *Alberic*. As the King of *Italy* was perswaded that they lov'd each other dearly, how great was his Surprize to find *Alda* rebellious to his Will! 'Wou'd you refuse to resign your self to *Alberic*? (said he to her) What has he done to you since you have been at *Rome*? Did you like him better when he was a Vagabond? And can he appear less agreeable to you now his Fortune is on the Point of being fix'd. *Alberic* can ne'er displease me, my Lord, reply'd *Alda*, and my Passion for him must have been great in deed, since you perceiv'd it; but I assure you it is not so imprudent, as to make me give my self blindly away to him. If 'tis your absolute Command I shou'd, I must obey: But if you will first give me Leave to speak, I conjure, Sir, consider we are at *Rome*, where every thing is corrupted, whose Impiety and crying Sins you yourself have a Thousand Times condemn'd, and 'tis impossible to meet with any Happiness un molested or free from Danger. Every thing coming from you wou'd please me at *Arles*, where Virtue, free from Tyranny and Oppression, wou'd be a Pledge of Happiness and Peace; but here, my Lord, I see nothing but what frights me, nor whereon I

may

may found some Prospect of Felicity. You  
are strangely doubtful, reply'd the King ;  
but tell me, *Alda*, what Harm is meant you  
at *Rome*? Who are those Enemies you trem-  
ble at? Those I have heard you often des-  
pise, Sir, answer'd the Princess, the Pope  
and *Marozia*. In truth, pursued *Hug'*, you  
ill requite their mutual good Intentions,  
and I am sorry to find you thus ingrateful.  
But since you own your Love for *Alberic*,  
what Caprice or Whim obliges you to mor-  
tify it? We are so inconsiderable at *Arles*,  
in Comparison to what we may become in  
*Italy*, that 'twere the Height of Madnes  
or Stupidity to refuse those Advantages that  
are proffer'd us. The Title of King, with  
so little Power, fills me with Confusion ;  
and believe me, Daughter, few Sovereigns  
will have more, after you are once married  
to *Alberic*, and I join'd to *Marozia*. To  
*Marozia*, Sir, cry'd the Princess, with Sur-  
prise, What, wou'd you take to Wife the  
Widow of *Adelbert* and *Guy*? Oh Heavens!  
I shudder at the Thought! Oh, Sir, re-  
member her adul'trous Commerce with  
*Sergius*, and let us bury our selves in some  
remote Corner of the Earth, despising these  
Dignities you are so desirous of, rather than  
give the World fresh Subjects of Horror and  
Contempt. Such Nicety, interrupted *Hug'*,  
is seldom found, and, indeed, not fit for an  
Age like this. Wou'd you carry your Ex-

travagance farther than the Holy Fathers have their Knowledge and Prudence? Have they not approv'd what has been transacted here? Are you ignorant of their Infallibility? Oh, Sir, mournfully reply'd *Akda*, give me leave to tell you, you are not like them in that Point, since you renounce your Honour, and even your Reason, to follow curs'd Ambition. Alas, 'tis not Religion that regulates Manners at *Rome*, but Manners regulate Religion, and to such an Excess of Pride and Impiety are the Popes now grown, that all Divine Laws are entirely neglected or laid aside. Since when have they a Right of authorizing Incest, or approving such Deeds, as even Pagans themselves would blush at? Is this Indulgence an Inspiration of the Divine Spirit? And wou'd God, who is so jealous of his Glory, take so little Care of it? Besides, my Lord, allowing the Popes to be the lawful Successors of St. Peter, did not that Apostle himself fail, and ought not the Example of his Fall to be a terrible Warning to those who stand upright. *John* resembles several of his Predecessors; true Son of his Father, he would have me, in the Conduct of my Life, follow *Marozia's* Example: This, I think, is saying enough; I have it from his own Mouth, and Modesty forbids me to go farther. Shou'd you only go to where I wou'd lead you, reply'd *Hugh*, I am sure you

you would be guiltless of any Crime. Olt  
is impossible, Sir, interrupted the Prin-  
cess, while you ast thro' Marozia's Inspi-  
rations. Well, well, added the King, I'll  
take all Faults; and what other Misfortunes  
may be the Consequence, upon my self, I  
shall make Use of my Authority, and I  
believe, the Violence you will be put to,  
of marrying a Man you love, cannot be  
very disagreeable." With these Words he  
left her. Alda wept in Irene's Bosom, and  
saw she was fallen into terrible Hands.

The same Day she receiv'd a Visit from the  
Pope. "Well, Madam, said the Holy Father  
to the Princess, your Union with Prince  
Alberic, I hear, is high at Hand, and we  
shall soon have the Pleasure of seeing you  
reign in Italy: I say reign, because where-  
ever my Authority extends, your Power  
shall be unlimited; your absolute Sway  
over my Heart, giving you an indisputa-  
ble Right over me and mine. I so entirely  
despise all Advantages acquir'd without  
Innocence, reply'd Alda, that I would fly  
to the World's End to shew my Abhor-  
rence of them. Tis true, I may marry  
Alberic, for whom I own an Inclination  
as pure as his; but Italy shall never see me  
purchase your Favour by any shameful Con-  
descension. Therefore I conjure your Ho-  
liness to desist from your lawless Pretensions,  
and never — Ungrateful Woman, in-

ter-

' interrupted the Pope, are you then resolv'd  
' to be deaf to Pity ..... I own your Eyes  
' too scrupulously nice, may perhaps find no  
' Charms in my Person ..... but think you  
' there are none in the unrivall'd Possession  
' of a Heart, which the Singularity of my ele-  
' vated Station renders of no small Value ;  
' and can you have the Barbarity to view,  
' unpitied, languish at your Feet, the only  
' Man who can free you from the Tortments  
' of Purgatory, or multiply them thro' Re-  
' venge. If these Threats do me no more  
' Harm than they give me Fear, resum'd  
' Alda, they wont prove very formidable to  
' any Body; and in my humble Opinion, 'tis  
' sufficient you have the Power of inflicting  
' Punishment on Earth, without extending  
' it to another World. But tell me, Sir, did  
' Heaven intrust you with that Power, for  
' no other End, than to make it subservient  
' to your brutal Appetite? Can the infallible  
' Guide of Souls on Earth e'er answer to  
' All-knowing Heaven, his attempting to  
' seduce a Woman to the abominable Sin of  
' Adultery? ..... Hold, Madam, interrupted  
' the Pontiff, something exasperated at  
' the Truth of her Reproach, don't you  
' know, that what is criminal in Men of the  
' common Sort, with me is but a Trifle;  
' that you may favour my Addresses in all  
' Security of Conscience, and that you can-  
' not continue inexorable, and thereby make  
' me

' me unhappy, without hazarding your Salvation.' The amorous Pope, to render his worthy Morals the more persuasive, attempted to catch her in his Arms; but *Alda* flying from him with Indignation ---- ' Monster,' she cry'd, whose Soul is black and horrid as thy Doctrine, fly from my just Wrath, and in a Flood of Holy Water strive to quench your Flames; if, as you say, it has the Power of extinguishing Fire, of expelling Devils, and fixing the Thunder! Is it possible, that the Vicar of God, the Master of Kings, the Head of the Church, the Turnkey of Heaven, the infallible Guide, the Director of Purgatory, the Dispensor of Kingdoms, the Treasurer of Indulgences, the Source, the Emperor of Pardons, and he, in short, who can people Paradise with Saints of either Sex, is it possible, I say, that the Holy Pontiff should abandon the Care of Souls, to preach the infamous Doctrine of Impurity, to speak a Language so foreign from the Gospel, and make even Religion subservient to his Passions? ---- Go, thou Dishonour to St. Peter's Chair. ---- Madam, interrupted the Pope, swell'd with unimaginable Rage, you forget my Rank, ---- but follow the Torrent of your Rage, put my Patience to the Rack -- if possible, exhaust it, and teach me to hate you, to that superlative Degree I have lov'd -- perhaps you may repent it --- but *Alberic*, your darling *Alberic*, shall feel the Weight of

' of my Revenge.' *Sergius*, his Son with these Words quitted the Room, and immediately after *Alberic* came in. But while *Alda*, with frequent Interruptions of Sighs and Tears, was repeating to him the Pope's Threats, he at his Mother's Feet was deploring the ill Success of his Passion. ' Why did she come to *Rome*, cry'd he, tearing his Hair, that fatal, cruel Maid? Why did I see her, and thro' what curst Necessity am I doom'd to bear her Pride? Oh Madam, if you abandon me, I am lost; do, act, dispose of every Thing, and by my Father's Name, that was so dear to you, I adjure you, to make some other Attempt in my Behalf.

*Marozia*, who felt all his Sorrows as severely as himself, solemnly swore to him, she would bring *Alda* to Reason: With this Design, a few Days after, she spoke to the Princes and *Alberic*, both whom she equally threatned: But finding her Son obstinately bent to refuse her Request, as her Power was almighty in *Rome*, she banish'd him into \* *Tuscany*. She was married to *Hugh* (whom neither her Age, nor the past Infamy of her Life cou'd disgust) by an authentick Dispensation from the Holy See, and threw *Alda* into the greatest Extremity imaginable. *Hugh*, as he had desir'd, reign'd with his in-

<sup>1</sup> *Baronius*, <sup>2</sup> *in quo vixit et regnauit*  
<sup>3</sup> *adiebat locum hunc quinque annis famosus*  
20

famous Spouse; and shut his Eyes to the Pope's criminal Pretensions on his Daughter. *Alda* suffer'd from his Addresses all that the most haughty Insolence cou'd dare: Her fair Eyes, whom *Alberic's* Absence had condemn'd to Tears, had now no other Occupation, and *Irene* was her only Comfort. Her Virtue, with admirable Constancy, resisted all the Pope's Designs on it; but she had at length been oblig'd to yield by Force, if *Alberic* had not privately acted for her and himself too. Leaving *Tuscany*, he came to *Rome* incognito, where several illustrious *Romans*, fatigu'd with *Marozia's* Tyranny, and *John's* Yoke, gladly espous'd his Cause, and all together form'd a considerable Body, at the Head of which the Prince unexpectedly appear'd, and besieg'd the Castle of *St. Angelo* to recover his dear *Alda*, as a Treasure that belong'd only to him. *Hugh* seeing his Resolution, repented; but too late, of having associated himself to *Marozia*, while the Pope foam'd with Rage, to see *Alberic* on the Point of ravishing his Prey from him. In short, they were oblig'd to give Way to the Torrent; *Alberic's* good Fortune carry'd the Day. *Hugh* sued for Peace, and gave his Daughter to the Prince, without reserving to himself any Right over her, or subjecting her to the least Constraint. *Marozia* thunder'd against him, but he, without Regard to her Threats, and tir'd with her repeated Infamies, intirely abandon'd

bandon'd her; and this vain haughty Woman cou'd not without unspeakable Despair and Rage behold her Son more powerful and belov'd than herself. *Alberic* took his dear and virtuous *Alda* from *Rome*, accompany'd with her affectionate *Irene*, and carried them to a Place of Safety in *Italy*, where this latter was afterwards married to a Prince of that Kingdom. The Pope, at the News of what had happen'd, was like a Man distracted; all *Marozia's* Attempts to remove his Despair prov'd ineffectual, and he soon after died, inconsolable at the Disappointment of his Hopes. *Marozia* did not long survive him, and Mother and Son died within a short Time of each other, unlamented by all; *Alberic* and *Alda* were marry'd, and spent the Remainder of their Days in uninterrupted Felicity.



**F I N I S.**